

The Improvement ERA



Volume 36 JUNE, 1933 Number 8
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The Improvement ERA

JUNE, 1933

Volume 36, Number 8

Heber J. Grant, Editor

Harrison R. Merrill, Managing Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley, Asso. Editor

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education

FORECAST

THE American Missions of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be featured in the July number of *The Improvement Era*. Every one of the missions in North and South America will be represented by a brief article and pictures. The articles have come from the missions, themselves, upon request, for this particular number. It is hoped that the July issue of the magazine will give the best bird's-eye view of the work in the America's that has been presented in recent years.

1 1 1

THE results of the Indoor Photographic Contest will be announced in the July number.

1 1 1

HOW Lovely Youth' is the title of a story by Ardyth Kennelly which will appear in July. In addition there will be other stories and a rich assortment of poetry.

1 1 1

THE COVER

THE cover this month was designed by Harris Weberg. The couple, however, was made up of two M. I. A. workers posed by W. O. Robinson, Field Secretary of the M. I. A. and originator in cooperation with L. P. Christensen of the M. I. A. dance for 1932-33, and photographed by the Ecker Studio. The position is A Standard for dancing.

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Murals in Laramie High School, Laramie, Wyoming, by Florence Ware

AN OPEN LETTER TO *College Students*

Dear Friends:

The month of June approaches and with it many graduations. As you contemplate university experiences will you take a moment to ponder a theme that may not have been in the curriculum. If it shall prove helpful to your thinking I shall be grateful.

In this letter addressed especially to College Students, but which can be read with profit by any intelligent, thinking man or woman, Elder Stephen L. Richards, a member of the Council of the Twelve, has laid down a clear, honest basis for belief in such a scholarly and tolerant manner that it will undoubtedly be a delight to all who read it.

I HAVE recently read an interesting book entitled "Man and His Universe," by John Langdon-Davies. The following are a few sentences taken from the introduction:

"The history of science is then a poetic search for God carried out by rummaging among man's old family records. * * * Why has so much of human energy and imagination gone to the making of this search? Partly because of an honest love of adventure, inherent in all energetic human beings. * * *

"But there is another reason besides honest love of adventure: it is that, whether rationalists like it or not, man is a believing animal and the really enlightened man is not the one who believes nothing, but the man who founds his beliefs on the firmest rock of reality. Such a man sees in the scientific picture of the universe which happens to be painted in his age the most perfect foundation for his beliefs; and to what is known, he adds an overbelief, something which cannot be proved, but which, on the other hand, cannot be disproved by the body of natural knowledge on which it is built. This overbelief is a man's religion; any overbelief that can be disproved by what science can show to be true is his superstition."

THE following is the substance of a paragraph: The busy man

who has no time to study and learn should have no time to believe.

"And why does the modern man have a religion? Because the material facts of life are not sufficient for his happiness."

These statements, it seems to me, have a peculiar interest for college students. During your university career you live largely in the realm of science. From mathematics to music you are concerned with the findings and creations of man. When all the discoveries and findings on any one subject are organized into a coherent course of study, that course becomes a science. You are daily pursuing these sciences and adding to your fund of information.

What is this acquisition of knowledge doing to your overbelief or religion? Since you do have time and disposition to study, Mr. Langdon-Davies would give you the right to believe. Assuming that your initial beliefs have changed with new facts as science has unfolded them to you, how has the change affected you? Are you happier and more content with life or are you disturbed and skeptical? Are you developing a philosophy of life? What is the status of your faith? Of course these are questions which you must answer for yourself. I can only propound them. I cannot answer them.

Perhaps, however, I can outline



a few suggestions that may help some of you better to fit into your lives the ever-increasing knowledge of the universe you are daily absorbing.

I do not know that I wholly accept everything which I have quoted from Mr. Langdon-Davies, although I have little quarrel with any of it. I firmly believe, however, that he states a real truth when he says that "man is a believing animal." I am also persuaded that nearly all men whether they recognize or admit it or not have what the author designates as an overbelief or a religion.

WHY should not a man have a religion, a faith, an overbelief—one that may not be susceptible to scientific and finite support? Is such a faith a weakness or a virtue? Let us see. The same author from whom we have just quoted in a lengthy review of the history of the attitude of man toward science and religion tells us that practically every scientific contribution from Aristotle to Darwin is attributable almost entirely to the religious urge of man to find

out more about God. The many spheres of Aristotle and the epicycles of Ptolemy were all of them chosen by these early philosophers as explanations of the movement of the universe because the spheres and the circles to them most nearly represented God.

Both Galileo and Newton felt that their revolutionary discoveries had inestimably contributed to a better and higher understanding of God and his management of the universe. And even Charles Darwin, the reputed author of evolution, contrary to much popular understanding, was greatly grieved that his new law of natural selection should have been pronounced anti-Christ. He wrote to his American friend, Asa Gray, "I had no intention to write atheistically."

So we see that the very founders of science were responding to the religious urge. They had their overbelief not proved by their findings of material facts. They had their faith as their constant incentive.

Is any overbelief, any religion, justified in the science of today? Have the modern chemists, physicists, biologists, and psychologists discovered so much of the composition, structure, articulation and function of the universe and man that there is now no mystery, nothing to solve? So long as there are in the world mysteries and known unknowables there will always be religion and faith.

THE projection of a new hypothesis is itself a manifestation of faith in something beyond that which may be proved by the demonstrable facts. Nearly every decade brings to the scientific world a new religion; that is, as Mr. Langdon-Davies would say, a new overbelief based upon new discovery and data.

The universe of Millikan and Einstein is as far removed from that of Sir Isaac Newton as was his from the flat earth of Aristotle and Cosmos. The breaking up of solid, static matter into the electrons of motion and energy, the discovered indestructibility of all substance, all happening within comparatively few years have served to revolutionize in many respects at least the religion of the modern intelligent man. He knows more, he thinks differently and his faith and hope have taken on new form.

Is he constrained, however, by such new thinking and new knowledge to abandon much older and long-established concepts of religious truth? Must he change his ideas of God? Must he, to be true to his discoveries and his conclusions, abandon God entirely? Let us see.

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

A PAINTER of western murals, of themes from England, France, Spain, Italy, Morocco, Algiers, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and a painter of both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast is Florence Ware whose murals are shown, as the frontispiece for the June "Era," Miss Ware, a native of Utah, has gone far afield for subject and inspiration for her work, mark her versatility as an artist;

She has a flair for painting of flowers and textures of things; she has a genius for creating stage scenery and properties; likewise, her feeling for architecture prompts nice decoration both for the interior and the garden around the house.

Strangely, too, her work points definitely toward figure painting and portrait work. In her collection of over a hundred paintings and sketches from Europe and Africa, each includes a figure, or figures, or a portrait study.

Of the series of four murals, for which she received a commission from Laramie High School, to portray the story of the pioneering of Wyoming, two of them are shown in the frontispiece.

SOME DETAILS OF MURALS IN LARAMIE HIGH SCHOOL

Size of Four Panels, each 9x12 feet

Panel I

A. Trappers—(Men who helped open up the country in the vicinity of Laramie, Wyoming.)

Location of Figures:

1. Jim Bridger—lower right hand corner.
2. LaRame (for whom Laramie was named)—center figure with light buckskin suit.
3. Father DeSmet—under pine tree.
4. General Fremont—to right of Father DeSmet.
5. Clark and Lewis—next to General Fremont.
6. Sacajawea (Indian girl guide who went with Lewis and Clark)—to right of Lewis and Clark.

B. In Clouds—(Foreign Rulers who brought about the exploration of Wyoming.)

1. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain (who sent Columbus)—to left of top pine tree.
2. Napoleon of France, Charles IV of Spain, and Louis XIV of France (Louisiana Purchase)—to right of top of pine tree.

Panel II—Pioneers on the Overland Trail.

A. Background—Chimney Rock (near Laramie, Wyoming.)

B. In Clouds—Miner—an inspiration and help to the Pioneers.

These are very important questions and very bold ones for me to ask. I shall be very sorry that I have propounded them if they shall serve no purpose other than to create doubt in your minds and make you agnostic.

Now the ideas of most men in the Christian world about God, heaven, salvation, immortality and other theological things are obtained from the Bible; not always by reading the Bible, unfortunately, but often by what men think is in the Bible and what other people tell them about it. Sects and creeds and their traditional teachings also play a great part in the formulation of men's conceptions.

INTERPRETATIONS OF THE

Bible have ever been the source of contention and the provocation of war and unspeakable cruelty all down through the ages. Why has this been so? Why have people regarded their own interpretations as being so vital? Why have they not been more tolerant of the views of others? I think the answer is not difficult. They have regarded the Bible as the word of God, authoritative, mandatory in its exactions of them and of all men. They have conceived it to be their religious duty to enforce its position not only upon themselves but upon others.

In the reign of ignorance, when science had developed so little knowledge of the universe, bigotry and fanaticism completely dominated, at least so it seems to us now looking back on those times with the enlightenment of our present knowledge and experience. With wider knowledge came more tolerance and sympathy.

Unfortunately, however, the tolerance and sympathy which in modern times have been manifest for people having divergent views have not been shown so generously toward the Bible itself. Many of the scientific world having discovered that the earth is round and not flat as the people of the Old Testament evidently believed it to be have ungenerously, and, it seems to me, ruthlessly, thrown the good book into the discard with unconcealed contempt. They point out with gloating satisfaction that the God of the Hebrews is a capricious, jealous, tribal God, fighting the battles of his favored people and reveling in the defeat of their enemies.

And then in exultant triumph they point to the so-called miracles of the Bible: the standing still of the sun, the incarceration of Jonah in the belly of the fish, the turning of water into wine, the multiplication of fishes and bread, and tell you that all these accounts are manifestly untrue because they contravene the known laws of nature. So they cast the Bible aside. And not only that, they stigmatize those who accept it.

Now I would not have you understand that I believe all scientists to take this attitude. I am sure that very many do not. Many do, however, and their writings and pronouncements are so generally distributed that their influence and effect are far reaching. Listen to the words of a modern journalist whose writings go everywhere:

"To confess to a belief in theology today is to confess not only to stupidity but also to a kind of malignancy, a 'delight in opposing decent ideas and harrowing honest men.

"I believe that religion, generally speaking, has been a curse to mankind, that its modest and greatly overestimated services on the ethical side have been more than over-borne by the damage it has done to clear and honest thinking.

"I believe that the evidence for immortality is no better than the evidence for witches and deserves no more of respect."

With such literature in wide circulation and with even the more cautious of scientific teachers, skeptical on their own account and agnostic in their teachings, it is small wonder that the college student of today without an extensive background of experience often finds his traditional faith much disturbed and his attitude toward

God and the Bible very much in doubt.

IF the thinking of any of you has been influenced by the matters which I have mentioned, or if perchance hereafter any of you shall be disturbed by such items, I should

like to call your attention to some things which I think may serve to fortify you against unwarranted doubt and agnosticism and perhaps encourage you to a more ardent and intelligent devotion to ideals you have long espoused.

Let us go back to the Bible which, as we have said, is the general source book of our theology. I think that in general its critics have been both ungenerous and unfair. Granted for the sake of this discussion that there are within it many statements that seem incongruous with the findings of modern science, is there nothing else in it to justify our admiration for it and our faith in its divine authenticity? Let us see.

It is the Book of all books that defines the nature and powers of God. Nowhere else in all the literature of the civilized world are his attributes so clearly and beautifully set forth. The Biblical description of his attributes has served to give to mankind substantially the only mental conception and visualization of the Divine Parent that the civilized world has ever enjoyed.

What if Hebrew prophets, conversant with only a small fraction of the surface of the earth, thinking and writing in terms of their own limited geography and tribal relations did interpret Him in terms of a tribal king and so limit His personality and the laws of the universe under His control to the dominion with which they were familiar? Can any interpreter even though he be inspired present his interpretation and conception in terms other than those with which he has had experience and acquaintance? Even under the assumption that Divinity may manifest to the

(Continued on page 484)



Drawing by Mary Roberts

Our Night

By L. PAUL ROBERTS

*THERE have been other nights
but none like this,
With nothing in a star-lit world
amiss.*

*There will be other moons rise
from the blue,
But will I share the thrill of them
with you?*

*Drink in this beauty, then, for
Time's mad flight
Brings us but once the wonder of
tonight.*



Tobitsi

THE clamor of the pack of half wild dogs attached to the Indian village drew Tobitsi curiously to the door of his brother's tepee. The shrill yells of the squaws added to the discord, and a grin creased for a moment Tobitsi's lean and almost black face. That half famished horde had sighted a potential victim, and whatever it was they would quickly drag it down with their ruthless fangs.

Tobitsi stepped away from the tepee to get a clearer view. It was a cold, bitter day. The snow lay crusted almost hard enough to sustain the weight of a man, and over its surface a keen wind from the northwest scurled tiny particles of frozen snow which at times became almost a fog.

With a shiver Tobitsi drew the rabbit-skin robe more tightly over the ragged garments which the white men with whom he had been lately associated had given him. The pack of sixty wild dogs was sweeping outward with the wind, while less than a hundred yards ahead of them a figure stumbled into the teeth of the gale, zig-zagging now this way, now that, breaking through the crust at almost every step, and often falling

Tobitsi

By FRANK C. ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Cecil Smith

Tobitsi was an Indian but he was a coward—and Indians do not like cowards. He was banished from his village after being told that if he returned he would be slain by his own brother for his transgressions of tribal law, but being a descendant of warriors he makes a decision. Frank C. Robertson knows his Indians.

forward full length into that strangling fog of ice.

Yet always the figure got up and plowed on; desperately and courageously.

And now the dogs. In a moment Tobitsi expected to see that plodding figure go down beneath the rush of the hunger-mad horde. But no! The canines parted to right and left. Some of them skidded to a stop almost at the man's feet. Their tails drooped. They cringed. And of a sudden their cringing was as nothing to that which shrivelled the soul of the watching Indian. The rabbit-skin robe which made warm his body was a leaden weight upon his shoulders.

He rushed back into his brother's tepee and cowered there with arms crossed, and hugging his body. Fear, horrible, nauseating fear sucked at his heart. Out of the teeth of that keen wind death had reached unexpectedly to claim him. And he, Tobitsi, the son of fighting warriors, lacked the courage to face him. The blood in his veins was no longer red with courage, but had been weakened by the fire water of the white man.

He knew, did Tobitsi, how calmly his brother, Koheets, would face such a situation. And his uncle, Toquat—that blundering figure out there in the snow—well he knew how Toquat would laugh in the face of death. And was not he of

the same blood? But then they never would have done the weak thing which had so unexpectedly brought the blade of death to his bosom.

HIS mind went back to the first snows of the winter. A dangerous mission was to be performed. Ponies, which the band could ill afford to lose, had been driven away by prowling maraud-





Toquatt



Koheets

ers from another tribe. There had been no time for a general pursuit. Many gray miles across the Snake River Desert had to be covered to the food caches of the band in the safe fastnesses of the Salmon River, and the women and children could not move rapidly. Only two men could be spared, for the band was not large. Toquatt himself, the recognized leader of the band, whose black hair was now sprinkled thickly with gray, was to go after the ponies.

"And do you, Koheets, my son," he had said to his elder

"He knew that the timber wolves were close at hand."



nephew, "lead them back to where the caches of dried fish have been placed to feed our people. Be discreet. We have enemies among those of our own color. But far worse are the white men who have come but lately to search for that strange yellow rock which they call 'gold.' It has turned them into madmen. Beware them. They kill our people like dogs, or burn our veins with their firewater, and we have many pelts which they covet."

"I will lead them to safety," Koheets had answered. "If any must die at the hands of our enemies the first will be Koheets."

"It is well," replied Toquatt. "My son, Tobitsi, will go with me. He has lived much with these white men. It may serve a good purpose."

And so Tobitsi and his uncle had gone in pursuit of the thieves. Seldom stopping to sleep they had gone on until their food was almost exhausted, but the distance between them and their quarry had not lessened. The pursuit had to be given up.

The day they had turned back northward it had snowed. Tobitsi had watched his uncle with eyes that were beginning to burn with famine. At times a great cough wracked the body of the older man, and he left red splotches upon the clean snow.

The snow grew deeper and the cold continued. Their fire rope grew short, and their rations ever leaner. But Tobitsi was strong. He wanted to plunge on; to reach the band before the fire rope was all burned, and the food gone; but each day his uncle's feet lagged more and more.

There came a cold night when

Tobitsi furtively arose from the fire. Toquatt lay in the slumber of utter exhaustion. Together, Tobitsi told himself, both would die. Yet there was food enough for one to reach safety. It was the reasoning born of cowardice, he knew. No other man of his people would have considered it. But he, Tobitsi, was wiser, he told himself. For five years he had lived with the white men, and he had learned their cunning. No code was greater than to seek one's own advantage. He had known the white men to kill one another merely for the sake of getting a greater portion of the yellow rock; known them to deal out death for a small bottle of firewater.

He licked his dry lips avidly. Did he survive there would still be time to find white men who would give him firewater in return for his knowledge of the country where they hoped to find gold. As for Toquatt—he would die anyway.

CAUTIOUSLY he secured the food, and the fire-rope—those tightly woven strands of green bark which would hold a smouldering fire for days, like punk, and could be easily fanned into flame with a breath. His clothes, cast off by white men before they came to him, were thin.

Toquat's rabbit-skin robe was much warmer. Gently, he removed the robe from his uncle's shoulders and hurried away. Toquat stirred restlessly, but he didn't waken.

That had been several moons ago. Long since Tobitsi had supposed that the coyotes had gnawed his uncle's bones. He had told Koheets and the others that he had watched Toquat die of a fever. Now here he was, weak and emaciated to be sure, but alive.

Still hugging his body with his long arms Tobitsi listened. He heard the amazed, guttural tones of the men mingling with the shrill clamorings of the squaws. The noise subsided and an ominous silence took its place. Once the flap of the tepee rustled, and he caught a glimpse of a snaky black eyes fixed upon him with the cold curiosity of one who contemplates that which will soon cease to be. The eyes were withdrawn almost instantly, but Tobitsi shivered.

Finally his brother stood in the door of the tepee.

"Come," Koheets said quietly. Tobitsi was at the door before he realized that he still wore Toquat's rabbit-skin blanket. He flung it off and strode forth in his rags to the council house. He saw the sullen glances of the squaws and papooses fixed upon him. He had shamed the band. None before had ever been a coward.

The circle of braves shifted sullenly as he entered, and relapsed into silence. In his accustomed place as headman sat Toquat. His cheeks were sunken; his graying hair had turned almost white, and his features were emaciated, but his great black eyes glowed like coals of fire.

"Be seated, Koheets, my son," Toquat bade. Tobitsi alone remained standing. For minutes no word was spoken.

"What has Tobitsi to say?" Toquat asked at last.

"I believed you were dead," Tobitsi replied.

"You speak with a forked

tongue. A man with fever does not breathe quietly," Toquat said. "You left me to die—to be torn by wolves. You took all the food, the fire-robe, and my rabbit-skin robe. They served you well."

"And you?" Tobitsi had to ask.

"The cold aroused me. I got to my feet. I walked. Often I fell in the snow, but its coolness

He recalled the years of their boyhood; their love for each other. They had shared dangers and hardships together; had each risked his life that the other might live. Now, for Tobitsi, the trail had ended. With the last of his courage he bared his breast.

"I will exact my own vengeance," Toquat said. "Let him be driven out to fight the elements as I was, without weapons,

without food, and without fire.

But if ever the man who was once your brother returns, then do you,

Koheets, be my arm to mete out death.

I have spoken.

Go!"

Slowly Tobitsi surveyed the circle of dark faces.

There was no mercy anywhere, and he knew that none was deserved.

He stepped out. His flesh winced as the cold wind fluttered his rags. Out of the gale

Toquat had come—into it Tobitsi must vanish.

To seek game, the exiled man knew, would be folly—and he had no weapon save his hunting knife. Fire he needed most, but he could not bear the long time it would take him to kindle one with two sticks and his naked hands.

He had no hope. Death, far more merciless than Koheets had suggested, confronted him. His only problem now was his manner of meeting it. He recalled the words of Toquat. "A brave man does not wait for death—he goes to meet it." His shoulders straightened. He would meet it like a warrior. Association with the white men had weakened his moral fiber; made him timorous. But now, when the end seemed irrevocable the traditional stoicism of his race came to his rescue.

His strides lengthened; his feet seemed lighter, and he was startled by the sound of his own laughter.

For three days Tobitsi fought his way through the crusted snow. His flanks grew gaunt, and the fever of starvation began to brighten his eyes until they gleamed like red balls of fire against the background of his burned and black-



The circle of braves drifted sullenly as he entered

revived me. With the eye of my mind I saw many things that were not there, but I went on. A strong man does not lie down and wait for death—he goes to meet it. I came to the camp of some white men. They were not bad like some, and I stayed with them till the fever left. When I was able to walk I started on, for I had work to do. A man who had forgotten the code of his fathers had to be punished."

"I am ready," Tobitsi said, but his teeth rang together from fright.

"You are weak, oh brother of my father," Koheets spoke up. "Your arm lacks the strength to deal out justice. Give me your knife, and I will be your arm."

FOR a moment Tobitsi's eyes dwelt upon his brother's face. It was hard and merciless.

ened face. Yet still he struggled on. Often his knees bent, and he sank into the snow. It took longer and longer for him to get up.

Once as he lay sprawled in the snow a dismal, undulating howl floated through the solemn silence to assail his ears with its blood-curdling menace. Wolves! Tobitsi sprang to his feet with dilated nostrils, and a heart that pounded against his breast like a club. For a moment he knew the awful frenzy of fear. Ordinarily he knew that the small timber wolves would not dare to attack a man, but now hunger had rendered them desperate; else they would have stayed in the higher country. He gripped his knife, and his lips curled back in a snarl as ferocious as any wolf's.

Then he laughed. Why should one already doomed to death worry over the manner of its appearance? To be dragged down by wolves was no worse than to face the slow torture of starvation with limbs perpetually half numbed with cold. Besides, he came from a race of warriors. He laughed again, and flung his hunting knife far under the trusted snow.

PERHAPS his sufferings had driven him a little mad. Had he been thoroughly sane he might have remembered the wisdom qualities of his ancestors. He within himself only the heroic trudged on, and on; the steel-like hunters. But now he was seeing he had learned from the gold muscles of his legs carrying him ever forward, though the tracks that he left were as crooked as a buffalo's on the feeding ground until the wind rapidly blotted them out with the cloud of snow it kept constantly dancing over the crust.

He knew that the timber wolves were close at hand, though the flying snow made it difficult for him to see more than a few rods at a time. Yet occasionally he caught a glimpse of a gray blur, or perhaps of twin balls of green fire and a red, lolling tongue. They were as yet uncertain of his strength, and so delayed their attack. But once he went down they would be upon him before ever he could get to his feet. A ghastly grin crossed Tobitsi's face, as he realized that inevitably his knees would buckle again. Sooner or later a moccasined toe would



Frank C. Robertson

catch under the edge of the crust and that would be the end. Almost unconsciously a chant issued from his swollen lips. It was his death song.

Then, suddenly, there came a loud noise like the crash of thunder. He heard a wolf yelp, followed by an exultant shout. A moment later the figure of a white man emerged out of the trees—a white man with a bearded face and mean, avaricious eyes.

"Lo, Injun, whar ye bound fer? Whar's yer weepins? Looks like them thar wolves was erbout ter bait on you," the white man called.

Tobitsi took a step forward, and sprawled in the snow.

"Wal, I'm jiggered ef it ain't my ole friend, Big Mouth," the white man marveled, giving to Tobitsi the name by which he was known to the white men, because of his proclivity to talk when filled with their liquor. "Say, yer look ter be all in," he grinned.

"Big Mouth is very tired," Tobitsi answered.

The white man chuckled as he stooped to lift the red man across his shoulders. It was only a short distance to the winter camp of the two dozen white men, who, having failed to find the gold they sought, had organized to plunder all those who were weaker than themselves.

Only a few years before the minds of men had been inflamed by the discovery of gold in California. When claims were no

longer to be staked there hordes of gold seekers had scattered throughout the West, and rumors of rich placers along the Salmon had finally brought these men, and many more, into the land of Tobitsi and his people.

Outlawed as they were this particular gang had been forced to winter in the place to which Tobitsi had blundered. Now, with spring still far distant, their supplies were running low.

"Found this here Injun out here with a pack o' wolves at his heels," Luke Frame explained to his fellows. "Jist about ter pass in his checks, too. Looks plumb perished, he does, an' he's frost-bit from haid ter heel."

"Why, that's Big Mouth, the Shoshoni thet used ter hang around the tradin' posts," another man said.

"Sho it is," Frame grinned. "An I reckon he's wuth savin'. Chances air he kin guide us ter some Injun village we kin raid an' git supplies enough ter see us through tuh winter, an' mebbe some muth plunder besides."

"An' thar's a cash bounty on Injuns now," another man declared.

"Strip them rags offen him, an' drar the frost outen his skin with snow whilst I force some whisky down his gullet," Frame ordered.

THE next Tobitsi knew, for he had been unconscious, the burning, strangling firewater of the white man was in his throat. It hurt at first, but soon it made his head feel light and happy. They gave him more.

Then, as the frost began to leave his skin through the snow packs which they placed upon him, it was as though thousands of needles were pricking his body. Tobitsi endured it grimly, but he welcomed the firewater with which Luke Frame constantly plied him.

His tongue became loose. With drunken verbosity he told them of his exile from his people and the reasons leading up to it. Sometimes he spoke in broken English; oftener in the language of his people, but there were those there who could understand enough of Shoshoni to know what he said. As they translated his drunken ravings the white outlaws laughed jubilantly.

"This here is gonna be purty
(Continued on page 508)

Letter from Brigham Young

Old letters reveal character, and this letter from the great Pioneer Builder whose birthday comes on the first day of this month, is no exception. Read it and feel of the spirit of Brigham Young. Letter used by courtesy of Ben R. Eldredge, who has a copy in his possession.

(Copy)

Executive Dep't, G. S. L. City, U. T.
Nov. 26th 1857.

Col. A. S. Johnston.

U. S. A.

(If he has arrived on Black's Fork)

Or

Col. E. B. Alexander

U. S. A.

Sir

Being reliably informed that your command and the men belonging to the Merchant trains, are much in need of salt. I have taken the liberty to at once forward you a load (some Eight hundred pounds) by Messrs. Henry Woodard and Jesse P. Earl. You are perfectly welcome to the salt now sent, but should you prefer making any compensation therefor I have to request that you inform me under sealed envelope, of the weight received and the amt. and kind of compensation returned.

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There is no design or wish to spy out your position, movements, or intentions, through the men

now sent to your camp, but should you entertain any dubiety upon that point, you are at perfect liberty to stop and detain them outside your encampment, during the short time necessary for the delivery of their loading in readiness to forthwith start upon their return.

Should any in your command be suspicious that the salt now forwarded contains any deleterious ingredients other than those combined in its natural deposition on

the shore of Great Salt Lake, Mr. Woodard or Mr. Earl, in charge of its transportation and delivery, or doubtless Mr. Livingston, Mr. Gerrish, Mr. Perry, or any other person in your camp that is acquainted with us, will freely partake of it to dispel any groundless suspicion, or your Doctors may be able to test it to your satisfaction.

I have to inform you that the demonstrations which have been made upon your animals, have been made solely with a view to let you emphatically understand, that we are in earnest when we assert, free-man like, that we will not tamely submit to any longer having our constitutional and inalienable rights trampled under foot. And if you are now within our borders by the orders of the President of the United States, of which I have no official notification, I have further to inform you that by ordering you here upon pretexts solely founded upon lies, all of which

have long since been exploded, the President has no more regard for the Constitution and laws of the United States and the welfare of her loyal citizens, than he has for the Constitution, laws and subjects of the Kingdom of Beelzebub.

Of the persons reported to be retained by you as prisoners, the two who are said to have hailed from Oregon are entire strangers to us; Mr. Grow on his way here from the States, is probably treated by you in a reasonably humane manner, for which you have my thanks, as it saves us the expense of his board; and if you imagine that keeping, mistreating or killing Mr. Stowell will redound to your credit or advantage, future experience may add to the stock of your better judgment.

Col. Alexander, I am informed that among the mules that have come into our settlements, is a small white one belonging to you, and a favorite of yours. The mule

in question arrived in poor condition, and learning that it was a favorite with you, it gives me pleasure to inform you that I immediately caused the mule to be placed in my stables, where it is well fed and cared for, and is held subject to your order; but should you prefer leaving it in my care during the winter, it will probably be in better plight for your use upon your return to the East in the Spring.

Trusting that the bearers of a welcome and frankly proffered gift will be courteously received and permitted, with their animals and wagon to peaceably start upon their immediate return,

I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully

Your ob't Serv't,

(Signed) Brigham Young,
Gov. of U. T.

Copy of letter
Gov. Young to Col. Johnston
with salt, Nov. 26, 1857.

Pacific Route to America Defended

By HELEN H. ROBERTS

Institute of Human Relations, Yale University

MISS ROBERTS is an anthropologist who came into that field after having specialized in music almost continuously since the age of seven. She received a degree in anthropology at Columbia University in 1919, since that time devoting herself to the study of primitive music, for the last nine years as a member of the research faculty of Yale University. She has made field trips to the West Indies, where she collected negro folk songs, to Hawaii, spending more than a year at the invitation of the Hawaiian government making a collection and study of the ancient Hawaiian chants, and has gone repeatedly to California and the Southwest collecting music from various Indian tribes. She was invited by the National Museum of Canada to transcribe and study the collection of Copper Eskimo Songs brought back by the southern party of the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-1918 under the general direction of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and has transcribed a number of phonograph records of Indian songs for the Smithsonian Institution and various other institutions and persons.

In all she has transcribed and studied nearly 2700 songs from Indians, Negroes and Eskimos of North America, and from Hawaii, a little over half of which she personally collected. It was during the Hawaiian survey that she became interested in the relationships of the archaic Hawaiian instruments to others in the Pacific, which led her research to cover the world. The distribution of these instruments appears to coincide more or less with that of various peculiar culture traits.

Even though she has had thirty or more

studies in print, the great mass of work she has completed on North American Indian music is still unpublished.

THE most I wanted to bring before those interested in the Pacific and the problem of American cultures is that the northern route, via the Aleutian Islands and Alaska is not, and has not been, the only feasible route for the filterings of man from Asia into the Americas, which all acknowledge must have occurred; that ocean travel, given any means of naviga-

tion, is easier under certain conditions, than land travel, and the conditions are constantly right in the Pacific for long drifts in almost any direction.

While doubtless America has received many human streams from the north, she has also evidently received many, possibly much smaller, directly from the Pacific, and a host of peculiar culture traits, too many and too curious to be dismissed any longer as accidents, occur in peculiar lines and spots of distribution, which indicate that contacts have occurred and these have been many, though sporadic in place and time. I merely asked that scientists, instead of closing their eyes and their minds to the possibilities of such diffusions having occurred, re-examine the data with open minds and cooperate to map these and similar traits as well as possible, with due attention to time perspective, with the idea of either once for all laying the Polynesia-America ghost, or accepting the contact as fact; and in either case with the result of knowing more positively than we do now, what has occurred.



Photo by DeVon E. Humphries

WITH THE INTERNATIONAL *Ice Patrol*



TO the tourist bound for Europe on a sight-seeing journey, the sight of an iceberg on the voyage is a new and ecstatic thrill. He writes with frantic haste as he pens a letter home about this wandering monster from the Northland that has strayed so far to the south, there to perish in the warmer waters. Naturally he is held enchanted at the sight of this overwhelming spectacle, for its snowy crags and towering pinnacles catch the sunlight and transform it into an object of rare beauty, of solemn significance, of transcendent majesty. He will strain his eyes to watch it as it sinks slowly from sight far in the wake of his vessel.

Such is the iceberg of the fairy books, the goody-goody iceberg, the iceberg in its milder mood that might be tame enough to be lassoed and towed into port, there to be given a place of honor in the refrigerating room of the local marine museum. There it will be duly appraised and admired by bespectacled gentlemen who delight in statistics.

By GEO. F. PAUL

Because several hundred missionaries and members of the Church come and go between America and Europe each year, this article which tells the story of the "Ice Berg Wrangler" will undoubtedly be interesting and satisfying. These ice mountains lying in wait along the ocean routes are disturbing even though few saints and no elders have ever yet lost their lives along regular lanes of travel.

However, not all icebergs are of the "Come here, Fido" variety. In fact the majority of them are of the bulldog type that can be checked only by the warm waters. They are tricky, treacherous, merciless, remorseless, all-powerful,

Coast guard men using an iceberg as a target. Not much danger of missing or of damaging it.

domineering, heartless, dangerous and deceitful.

The great iceberg factory is off the coast of Greenland. That barren, frigid land has never emerged fully from the Ice Age. Visit that distant country and you will find that it is largely covered with a vast dome of ice 600,000 square miles in area. The central peaks and pinnacles, snowy white, tower to a height of two miles above sea level.

Well may the Greenland ice cap be compared to the frosting poured on the center of a monster cake. As it overflows it feeds dozens of great glaciers. Some of them make fast time as they travel down the slope from the ice cap to the coastline. Old Father Neptune would need his strongest and mightiest scales to determine the weight of one of these crystal palaces as it glides into the icy waters with a resounding splash. One sea captain in 1928 reported an iceberg several miles long. Some college

professor might well spend his summer vacation in calculating just how many million and million tons of ice were here represented.

It is estimated that about one-eighth of an iceberg mass shows above water. It often happens that icebergs of great depth, 1200 to 1400 feet, become grounded in shallow water. Here they must remain growling at their fate until they are completely broken up and mingled with the waves of the ocean.

For many years the gigantic icebergs drifted down into the sea lanes off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where they menaced the commerce of many nations. Sea captains were kept on the alert as long as their vessels were in these danger zones, but nothing was done to lessen the menace, not until a monster of the North gored the *Titanic*. This stupendous disaster roused the nations of the world from their lethargy and brought about united action for safety. Thirteen nations joined in an agreement to share the expenses of an efficient ice patrol. Uncle Sam accepted the task as his duty and delegated the Coast Guard to perform this great international service. And right faithfully has it been performed, in the teeth of biting gales, in the blankets of impenetrable fog, in the high seas that roll their green mountains of destruction.

FROM March until July the cutters are busy in the ice fields, for there is much to be done. They are responsible for locating icebergs, defining the limits of danger, charting currents and broadcasting positions of the ice. Then it also devolves upon these watchmen of the sea to speed to the aid of vessels in distress, to give prompt medical aid to fishermen who are injured, to blow up derelicts, and to lend a helping hand wherever one is needed. Hard work this, and as perilous as a fireman's job, but there are hearts of oak among the men of the Coast Guard Service, and they beat steady and true when engaged in this great service for humanity.

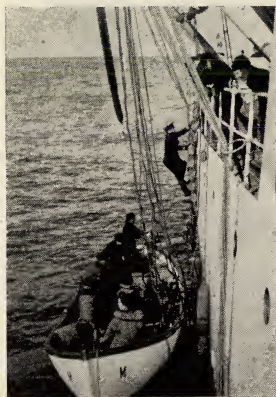
It is estimated that on an average every season about 400 icebergs

drift south of Newfoundland to menace shipping in the North Atlantic. These are the bergs that cause the real trouble for the steamers plying between Canadian ports and the Continent. Just how



An iceberg showing distinct streaks of soil from the bed of the Greenland Glacier.

many icebergs slip down below the 48th parallel to cause anxious moments for sea captains. will depend on the weather and the winds that have prevailed between North America and Greenland through-



The ice-observing officer coming on board after the inspection of an iceberg.

out the preceding winter. The spring of 1924 was a safe season, for only eleven icebergs were reported south of the 48th parallel. Five years later, in the spring of 1929, the sea was dotted with the towering cliffs of white, 1300 of them sweeping down across the line into the travel zone to see what damage they could do. It is dur-

ing darkness and periods of low visibility that the dangers are trebled. Then Safety is the watchword in the pilot house, not Speed.

Soon our tourist bound for Europe will be returning from his round of castles and art galleries and donjons old where knights so bold ate very meager meals. Sweetly he will sleep in his comfortable stateroom as he speeds back across the gray Atlantic, yet all the while the crews of the Coast Guard Service will maintain their ceaseless vigil day and night to safeguard the life of the traveler and of a hundred thousand others who trust themselves to the old ocean, not realizing the perils that may lurk behind the drizzling fog when the bergs sweep down with resistless force.

Man Immortalized

By Blanche Decker

I REMEMBER my sweet mother with a sacred love. Her activities were always limited to her simple household tasks, yet when men and women whose lives she touched speak of her it is with gentle reverence.

And all of this brings back the thought that whatever we do and whatever we say in this world leaves its effect somewhere—with someone.

Life has taught me that sorrows are only a potential means of preparing us for a more significant future experience. The joy of discovering new faith and new vitality in surmounting our difficulties may be felt even while we are permitting ourselves to shed tears of anguish and remorse. But then, there are those among us who find in diversified experience varied possibilities for worthwhile achievements. They are those whose effect will be immortally noble—the masters of the universe, however lowly.

"A man is what he thinks." The process of thought goes on and on, leaving its influence wherever it touches. The man who has created a companionable mind for himself has created a companionable mind for the world about him. And the influence of the world about us, whatever it is, will live in us forever.

GLIMPSSES OF HAWAII

Tabus and Idolatry

By FRED L. GODDARD

Man, surrounded by the invisible and dread forces of nature, unable to cope with them and to understand them, has invariably associated them with arbitrary gods ready and eager to destroy those who inadvertently or purposely violated some sacred rule or law. Even modern civilized man frequently has difficulty in shaking off these fears, hence nearly all of us are interested in a colossal struggle such as is described in this article.



Hawaiian Hula Dancer

PERHAPS one of the most conspicuous epochs in the history of Hawaii occurred shortly after the death of Kamehameha, the Conqueror in 1819, when the practice of idolatry and the tabus of long standing were abolished.

The tabu system of the people of old Hawaii represented their laws and ordinances which extended throughout Polynesia from the very dawn of life and civilization in the vast reaches of the Pacific Ocean. This system had without doubt reached a higher state of development in Hawaii than elsewhere, and was complicated in the extreme. It covered practically every phase of life of the people, and through its broad scope enmeshed them in a tangled network of penalties and regulations—the violation of which in some cases was punishable by death.

While many of these tabus were permanent, there were others which were special and imposed only temporarily to serve some partic-

ular occasion, or the passing fancy of a king.

There were no written laws in old Hawaii. They were simply promulgated by word of mouth, and so closely were they associated with idolatry that a person thought long before breaking a tabu, which he realized was a crime. He feared more than anything else the wrath of the gods which he believed the violation of a tabu would bring down upon him. Strangely enough, to this fear of the wrath of the gods, more than to any other factor is attributable the abolition of the tabu system in Hawaii, with a simultaneous discontinuance of the worship of idols. This was brought about shortly after the death of Kamehameha, by Queen Kaahumanu, Queen Keopuolani, and the latter's son, Liholiho, who became the new king, each of whom had long been skeptical of the power of the ancient gods. To their

skepticism was added that of many high chiefs and high priests, and with the death of the conqueror the entire foundation underlying the oppressive tabu system and the worship of idols became weakened and threatened to crumble.

Kaahumanu and Keopuolani had secretly planned to overthrow the tabu system whenever the opportunity presented itself, but during the life of Kamehameha such a procedure would have presented unsurmountable obstacles and, perhaps, serious consequences, because the king, while aware of the existence of Christianity, remained firm in his idolatrous belief and maintained the tabu system with an iron hand up to the time of his death.

At his death, however, their plan was given a marked impetus, especially with the introduction of intoxicating liquor, which proved a very powerful factor in the overthrow of the whole system.

ONE of the most drastic of the tabus made it a serious offense for men and women to eat together. This was looked upon by many of the natives as sheer nonsense, because at that time both men and women partook of intoxicating liquor together without incurring the wrath of the gods. In the same manner they regarded the use of tobacco, which was indulged in by both sexes.

Still others of the Hawaiians, who were not idol worshippers, adhered consistently to their belief of many generations past in the "true god," whose religion had been brought to their early ancestors by Hawaiiiloa, who told them that the true religion would return to them some day in the form of a square box. Thousands of Hawaiians were waiting for the fulfillment of this prophecy and refused stead-



Modern Type Lei Women of Haeai

Photo Courtesy The Deseret News

fastly to break away from the belief of their ancestors. With the coming of the missionaries in 1820, who convinced them that the Bible had come back to them and was the "square box" referred to by Hawaiiloa, many Hawaiians accepted it as a literal fulfillment of the prophecy, and this was another important factor which materially aided in the final overthrow of idolatry and the abolition of the tabu system.

Shortly after the death of Kamehameha, a party of chiefs proposed to Kaahumanu that the tabu system be renounced. Believing that the proper time for such action had not arrived, although fully in accord with their views, Kaahumanu, as premier, declined their request.

Although Liholiho was the new king, he had none of the fine, strong qualities of his royal father, and realizing that his son was not fully qualified at that time to govern the islands, Kamehameha appointed Queen Kaahumanu as premier, with authority equal to that of the king.

IN a public address at Kailua, the premier declared that the will of Kamehameha was to the effect that while Liholiho was in truth the king, she, as premier, possessed

equal authority, and in the conclusion of her address she proposed that thereafter the tabus be disregarded. Liholiho, however, while in accord with the premier, had not felt out the attitude of his subjects, and not wishing to make so drastic a declaration at once, withheld his consent.

But on that same evening the most drastic of all their tabus was openly violated by Keopuolani, the

queen mother, herself—the highest tabu chiefs in the kingdom—and thus set a precedent which later was to become island-wide.

When Keopuolani was informed that Liholiho had refused to sanction a general abolition of the tabu, she requested him to send his younger brother, Kaiukeaouli, a lad of six or seven years, to her so that they might eat together.

Liholiho reluctantly did so, although he exercised extreme caution that he did not violate the tabu. The queen mother and the boy then ate their evening meal together, while the people, in tense dread, awaited the outcome of such a flagrant violation of their most important tabu. At any moment, they feared a quick and terrible retribution of the gods to fall upon these violators of the law—expected to see them both stricken dead.

But nothing happened. They waited in vain.

The highest chiefs had openly broken the tabu with no dire results. Could it be possible, thought the chiefs and the common people, that the wooden idols and stone images they worshiped were frauds, and did not represent gods? If they were true gods, they argued, they would swiftly punish the violators of the tabu; if they did not punish those who did wrong, it was equally possible that they would not help them in time of need or danger.

And this feeling grew and became more intense. Drunkenness

Hawaiian Thatched Hut



and disorder prevailed, while many of the natives and men high in rank joined the Christian belief.

KAAHUMANU was still active, and again urged Liholiho to abolish idolatry and the tabu system. Without giving his answer, the king, accompanied by a crowd of chiefs and retainers, put to sea in several canoes, and spent several days in a drunken debauch, during which he violated several of the tabus.

Upon his return to Kailua a great feast was prepared, and a large company of chiefs and chiefesses was in attendance. Liholiho joined them openly, men and women alike sat down at the feast and ate together.

At this wholesale violation of the tabu in which their own king took a part, the common people looked on in awe and curiosity—half fearful as to the results.

Again no harm ensued, and the people raised a joyful shout: "The tabus are at an end, and the gods are a lie."

Without the sustaining influence of idolatry and the iron rule of Kamehameha, the tabu system was thus brought to an end, and with it the destruction of idols—the high priest of Hawaii setting an example by personally burning up idols and the temples which housed them.

The news was spread throughout the other islands by messengers, who proclaimed the abolition of the tabus, known as "ai noa" or free eating, and a general jubilee was held at Kauai which was attended by revelry and considerable license.

Idolatry and the tabu system, however, were not destined to die without a bitter struggle.

INCENSED at Liholiho's actions, Kekuakalani, a popular chief, gathered and armed a large force of supporters, and marched to Kailua against the king, where, if he succeeded in defeating the forces of Liholiho and killing the monarch, he might obtain the crown for himself. The king's army, well armed with muskets and provided with plenty of ammunition, met the invaders at Kuamoo, and a bloody battle followed, during which the young chief and his wife, who fought at his side, were killed. The invading force was



Fred L. Goddard

FRED L. GODDARD during a five year residence in Hawaii made an intensive study of the customs of Hawaii, her people, and products. As a feature writer for the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, *The Advertiser*, and the *Paradise of the Pacific*, he sought to correct some of the erroneous impressions so many people have formed regarding the Hawaiian Islands—impressions they have gained through books of fiction, hearsay, and other unreliable sources. Mr. Goddard now lives in Alhambra, California.

routed by the king's army, and Kuawa, a priest who had been Kekuakalani's chief advisor, was killed by the people who, in a rage, then turned against their idols.

From then on the work of destroying idols was carried forward. Public worship and sacrifices to the gods ceased. They were a people without a religion.

There were many natives who still retained their belief in the power of the "true god," who had never swerved from their worship of the three godheads, Kane, Ku and Lona—a godhead similar to Jehovah, or Almighty God. There were also many who still cherished the ancient practice of idolatry in secret, as well as many of their former superstitions, among which were those relating to sorcery and the cause of disease.

It was in this state of mind that the first missionaries found the natives on their arrival to the islands in 1820. They found before them a fertile field in which to sow the seeds of Christianity, with open and receptive minds for the new religion—the religion which ancient Hawaiioloa had promised would come back to them some day in the form of a "square box."

Baseball in Australia

By FRANKLIN D. ROBISON

IT has only been the last few years that baseball has been of any great importance in the land of Australia. In fact, it is not yet accepted as a national sport, but is crowded into the background by more popular games such as cricket, tennis, football, hockey, and soccer. However it is gaining prominence among the young men who are desirous of playing a snappy scientific game.

Thirty years ago baseball was introduced in Australia, but it did not interest the public enough to arouse their interest. Probably one reason was because baseball is similar to the English game of rounders. The popularity of the game dwindled in some parts of the land, but through the diligent work of the promoters it gradually became very prominent. A few years ago it was introduced before the people again by some American Major League Clubs, who played exhibition games throughout the land. This stimulated interest that has never been subdued.

In the city of Sydney, Australia, the Churches have combined their efforts in baseball and have organized

several unions which have offered a splendid opportunity for developing talent in this line. The New South Wales District Baseball Team was entered in the Western Suburbs Churches Union and throughout the year was very successful. The team was known as the Latter-day Saints, and living true to their names the players created interest among the spectators which was a means of entreating some splendid people to the Church for religious services.

The Saints did not romp home with the highest honors, but were runners-up for the championship. Only one point separated them from the winners. However the games that were played were conducted under splendid leadership and throughout the entire baseball season there was a perfect example of sportsmanship exhibited by the Saints team.

We are happy to report that the baseball team was organized under the supervision of the Mutual Improvement Association in this land and through their efforts the Gospel of Jesus Christ is being spread to many honest in heart. (Photograph on page 492.)

"The Celestial Drama
in the Theatre
of the Sky"

Photo by
Kaufmann & Fabry, Chicago



THE THEATRE OF THE

Sky

By

EDNA I. ASMUS

Going to Chicago this summer? Then visit this Theatre of the Sky where you may behold the "swift seasons roll" swiftly.

ON the northern tip of Northerly Island in Lake

Michigan, as quietly aloof from the imposing facade of Michigan Boulevard as the firmament itself from Chicago's aspiring towers, stands the famous "theatre of the sky," the Adler Planetarium and Astronomical Museum of Chicago. In a short span of three years the twelfth of this May, it has become a veritable mecca, drawing interested and curious visitors from all parts of our continent. For it houses one of the most ingenious instruments of the 20th century, produced by the oldest science known to man. Under the copper-clad dome of the Planetarium and Museum, we may see more sunrises in an hour than most of us will see in a lifetime. Here, in cool abysmal darkness we

with its broad esplanade—The Terrazzo Esplanade—of walks and roadways flanking a series of twelve shallow pools, each sixteen feet wide and twenty-six feet long, on the bottom of which, in colorful terrazzo, are designs symbolic of the months of the year. The handsome building itself, of rainbow granite, dodecagonal in shape and topped by a burnished copper dome, carries out in each detail its prime function; "to make astronomy, the oldest of sciences, dramatic and real to the masses and to bring home to the world today the truths which were known to the ancient Greeks and Arabs."

may witness the passage of six years in about as many minutes!

Like an overture is the western approach of the Adler Planetarium

Inset at the twelve exterior corners are bronze plaques of the twelve Signs of Zodiac, those for Leo and Gemini having been selected as representative.

Centrally located within the building is the circular planetarium chamber providing a seating capacity for about 625 people. About this central hall, under whose dome move the planets and constellations of the celestial sphere, are the entrance foyer, the museum corridors, offices, etc.

Below, on the ground floor, are an auxiliary lecture room seating 170 people, spacious museum space, rest rooms, instrument shops, the photographic dark room, the heating and ventilating systems and an air-conditioning plant, recently installed, which turns the heat of mid-day into the cool of mid-night.

But in order to prepare you for the treat awaiting you, permit me, for a short while, to be your guide by proxy.

FIRST of all

—I hope you'll experience at least half the delight I always do in the beau-

tiful prismatic glass doors at the entrance. On a sunny day the loveliest rainbows dance on the floor and nearby walls! And maybe one of those very rainbows will direct your gaze to the wall of Tennessee marble, just opposite the entrance, on which is the dedication plaque of German silver showing figures symbolic of the eight major planets: Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus, Earth and Mars. In the center is this inscription: "The Astronomical Museum and the Planetarium of Chicago gift of Max Adler, to further the progress of science, to guide to an understanding of the majesty of the heavens, to emphasize that under the great celestial firmament there is order, interdependence and unity * * *."

After reading this plaque, you'll turn to your right (or left, if you're a "southpaw") entering the exhibition corridors where the inverted lights create a symphony of cool marble, gold and silver. Along the walls you will find large

transparencies from the finest negatives made with the world's greatest telescopes, of the Sun, the Moon, the Milky Way, the newest planet, Pluto, comets, the Magellanic Clouds, etc. And immediately below each transparency there is a legend which gives such explanatory material as can be included within the limits of the space.

Having viewed these "stills" of the celestial moving picture, you'll probably become absorbed, as I always do, in the contemplation of the rich store of museum pieces to

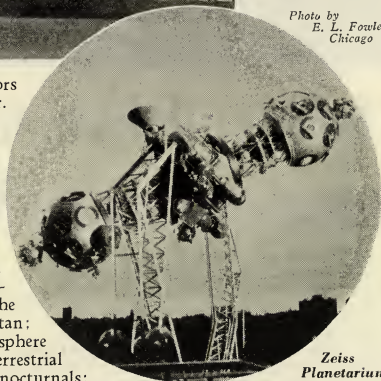
Like the hundreds of thousands who have come before you (about 2 million so far!), you will stand fascinated over the Foucault pendulum which demonstrates the rotation of the earth; the Tellurian Clock which gives the position of the earth and moon day by day, as well as the hour, the day and the month. And you'll be like a child with a new toy as you hover delightedly over the miniature model observatory, patterned after the United States Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C.; and as you

press forward to examine closely the contents of one large booth designed to show the arrangement of the bridge of a ship with the requisite instruments of navigation and communication. And there are all sorts of tele-



The Astronomical Museum and Planetarium

Photo by
E. L. Fowler
Chicago



Zeiss Planetarium

be found in the corridors and on the ground floor. In glass and metal cases you will find astronomical instruments of all kinds and from all ages—Armillary Spheres, dating from 1542; the finest collection of astrolabes in the world, representing the craftsmanship of Europe, the Orient and Turkestan; globes of the celestial sphere which antedate the terrestrial globe by many years; nocturnals; quadrants for measuring altitude; octants and sextants for measuring angular distances; sun-dials dating from 1479; hour-glasses, clocks, calendars, compasses and natural magnets; geodetic instruments, levels and mathematical instruments—all marvelous, not only for the learning and mechanical skill they display, but for the exquisite beauty of their workmanship.

scopes; some that are replicas of the first telescopes of Galileo, and several wrought, decorated and mounted so handsomely that they might have been made for kings. On the ground floor is located a large booth allotted to the Amateur Telescope Makers of Chicago where its members may make and exhibit their instruments.

Well, by the time you have seen this museum collection which was

begun by the Strozzi family of Florence some four hundred years ago, you will feel amply repaid for your visit. But the climax of your astronomical adventure is still to come! At a given hour—nay, at a given moment—the brass-studded doors which you have passed and repassed without satisfying your curiosity as to what lay beyond them, will be opened, and you with hundreds of others will enter the "theatre of the sky."

That moment of entrance is, indeed, dramatic. For your first reaction is one of dismay. Here is no theatre—no stage—as you have always known it! The room is circular, its seats are arranged in art-like sections facing the center; the ceiling is like a huge inverted white bowl, and in silhouette around the "rim of this 'bowl'" is painted a miniature skyline of Chicago.

You'll soon discover, however, that the white dome itself is the stage, and that the grotesque contraption on wheels in the center of the room is the actor. This huge instrument which looks like a Broddingnagian dumbbell, is the Zeiss planetarium—the only one on the western hemisphere, the second extant in the world today! And it is this remarkable ingenious device, operated by the lecturer from a control board at the north end of the room, which brings before your astonished gaze the profound drama of the firmament.

IN its essential elements the optical planetarium is a composite stereoscopic with many projectors throwing images on the interior surface of a great hemispherical dome. It is very complex, for it reproduces the intricate phenomena of the heavens. It shows the naked-eye stars, the Sun, Moon and planets, all in their proper places for any instant of any year of any century for any terrestrial position. Indeed, the highest order of optical technique, mechanical skill and astronomical knowledge are merged in its design. And in my humble estimation, the lecturer who operates this instrument must possess the genius of omniscience!

The lecturer—it may be Professor Philip Fox, head of the institution, Miss Maude Bennot, his assistant, or Professor W. D. Mac-Millan, Dr. Walter Bartky, President D. W. Morehouse of Drake University or, possibly, even

the professor of astronomy of your own alma mater or state university—welcomes you and proffers a few introductory remarks. Then, gradually, the light wanes and the deep blue of advancing night transforms the white linen dome into the dome of all outdoors. Finally, there is only an all-enveloping blackness and a pleasant voice.

Suddenly you will see the bright galaxy of stars just as you westerners see it in the rarified atmosphere of your mountain regions. But this celestial host is not stationary. Slowly but inevitably it is making its daily journey from east to west across the sky. The stars grow dim—from the eastern horizon comes a soft glow—dawn—sunrise over Lake Michigan—the day waxes and wanes—the Sun sinks behind Chicago's skyline—behind the Mather Tower to the north if it be the end of a summer's day, behind St. Luke's Hospital if it be a winter's day, behind the roof balustrade of the Stevens Hotel if it be during the vernal or autumnal equinox. Twilight fades—stars appear, one by one—a crescent Moon slips westward—disappears, leaving only the light from the stars.

In less than five minutes you will have witnessed the passage of a day and night!

You'll see several sunrises and you'll learn why the Sun rises each day: why the morning and evening stars (which are not stars at all but bodies like the Earth moving 'round the Sun) are constantly

changing. You'll learn the reason for the various phases of the Moon. You'll discover how important a role the firmament plays in the progressional drama of the seasons.

A YEAR will pass like a minute as you watch Mercury and Venus circling the Sun like moths about a flame. You may see the sky as it looked on Christ's Nativity—as it appeared at the time of Galileo. Still more remarkable, you may view the sky of 3000 B. C. with Thurban as the pole star, with the Vernal Equinox in Taurus and the Southern Cross appearing above Chicago's horizon. You may, even, have the incredible experience of leaping into the far future of 14,000 A. D. to see what will happen in the heavens long, long after your body has returned to the dust from which it came!

All this miraculous magic will be performed in little more than half an hour as you sit comfortably in your arm-chair breathing the water-cooled air of the planetarium chamber. But when you leave this chamber within the confines of which you have viewed the stirring spectacle of the celestial pageant, you will be a different person. For yours will have been no trivial experience, but a dynamic and inspiring one which, though it dispelled the mystery, retained the majesty of the firmament.

Here in this museum, devoted to the noblest aspiration of man's mind—the understanding of the universe, *your* mind will have groped its way outward into limitless space. And for the brief span of thirty minutes or so you will have been a "watcher of the sky" upon the illusory heights of Olympus itself!

An unforgettable chapter in the Cosmic Biography awaits your perusal in the "Theatre of the Sky" where:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim. * * *

Where:

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

* * *

Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine?'"



Photo by Hales
*Cumulus Clouds Floating Over
Utah Valley*

Money Talks

By
EVA NAVONE

MATTHEW WILBUR threw fresh wood into the stove and clattered the lid into place.

"No, I won't let you cut the wood on the upper forty," he croaked. "Not even if you are my son-in-law. Buy you an engine and a lot of new-fangled stuff to cut it with? I should say not!"

Arthur Duffield turned away with a grim closing of his lips, but Laura, his wife, gave her stepfather a hurt questioning look.

"You'd get your share," she put in, coming to her husband's aid. "Do you suppose the wood is going to do you any good standing there?"

Matthew hitched his chair nearer the farmhouse stove. It was a warm suffocating morning, but it would have to be hot indeed before he would permit the fire to go out. In all weathers he slept between blankets and encased his thin body in woolen underwear. Food did not agree with him, hence the most common indulgence of the retired farmer was not among his vices. Heat was the one thing he still enjoyed—and loudly demanded. Heat was also cheap. Matthew had plenty of wood.

"You always were the greatest one for supposing and arguing. You and your big ideas! Wanting to be a city woman. What good did it do you? Married yourself to a man who can't support you!"

Arthur flushed. He was well built and tall and radiated energy, a suppressed energy now that he could find no outlet for it. One could see how idleness fretted him. "These aren't normal times," he reminded Matthew.

"Just the same I keep my wood-land," snapped Matthew. "Driving automobiles when you can't afford to eat! Some day somebody will come along with the cash. Money talks." He sat forward in his creaking chair and repeated his favorite maxim: "Money talks the language everybody understands."

Laura moved to the window, gazing absently at the hazy sky. "It would be lonesome if you had no other language to listen to," she said.

"So long as you've got money there's plenty of folks willing to talk to you." Matthew's little brown eyes gleamed in his wizened face.

Money talks; money ought to talk, but—what should its language be? Matthew Wilbur had the money; Arthur Duffield and his young wife had youth and love; Sarah Wilbur had only work and weeping, until her "eyes were wiped dry" of tears. But forest fires pay little attention to money or tears, and so we have this story.



Since he had benefited by several small inheritances within a short time, he had conceived the idea of living without working, as he called it. He did not realize that he was carrying things too far and living without work. He had shriveled visibly, grown less capable of any enjoyment, more fearful of want.

THE farmhouse was untouched by luxury, save that of cleanliness. If cleanliness had cost anything, the house would have been dirty. But

Matthew had a wife who, luckily, did not know how to live without work.

The kitchen, in which they lived mainly, and were now gathered, was big, bare and colorless. It was painted entirely in gray, walls, floor and ceiling. Spotlessness was its only charm. The tablecloth was always fresh. The starched white purity of the window curtains, and the shining nickel and black of

Matthew's face twisted guiltily, as if he hated to be reminded of a weakness.

Sarah Wilbur, drab and neat and clean, had been straining milk. She took up a broad pan of it and trudged across the kitchen.

Laura tried by a laugh to restore a friendly atmosphere. "Mother, do you think Matt's as bad as he says he is?"

Sarah turned her faded eyes helplessly upward and answered with baffled patience: "I don't know. He's been getting strange these last years."

"Been getting some sense!" exploded Matt, his thin hands winding around his chair-arms. He turned his face, as if to hide the reddish wash which stained it to the color of a russet apple.

"Money meant something to you in those days too—it was hard for you to spare," reflected Laura.

"A nickel was as big to me as a dollar," growled Matt. "Good reason why. A blamed fool doesn't deserve to have anything but nickels."

Laura looked after her mother retreating to the milk-room. Blonde like her daughter, the mother had never had the daughter's fire. Indeed, Sarah looked upon Laura's untamed attitude toward the hindrances in life as something not quite desirable.

Retreating and evading had grown to be a habit with Sarah Wilbur.

"No, in those days you had more than one language," Laura said to her

stepfather. She had caught her mother's warning look, but Sarah's self-effacement annoyed her. Laura was unable to resist this final attempt to drive the truth home to the forbidding little tyrant who ruled her mother's life.

"Well, you needn't come here expecting me to feed you—and your good-for-nothing husband!"

"Now, Matt," remonstrated Sarah from the door, a mild worried voice that nobody heeded.

After that Laura and Arthur could not stay, even for a visit. Dazed, they drifted out into the yard toward the decrepit car in which they had arrived the evening before. As a last resort they had come to Matthew Wilbur with a business proposition for cutting and marketing his wood, but now actual want was preferable to the grudging shelter of his roof.

LAURA was not too preoccupied to sniff at the air, which held the acrid taste of smoke. Matthew's place, to which he had brought Sarah, an aging and nearly penniless bride (and never let her



"The fire's on them! It's eating its way around them."

the broad stove, made bits of brightness in the dull room.

Puzzled and almost hurt, Laura studied Matthew. Her husband put his hand on her arm to draw her out of the discussion. "No use," he said.

"Matt's bark is worse than his bite," she returned. Matthew had married her mother too late for her ever to learn to call him father. "You know I've told you, Arthur, that once when I was sick in town he sent me money."

forget that all she had she owed to him), lay at the edge of a little valley, just where, in fold on fold of canyon and hill, the road began to climb into the northern mountains. Lesser hills completed the surrounding of the valley, so that it lay, a fertile bowl, walled in from the world.

The sunlight reached them today through a veil of smoke; the sun itself was stained to copper with it. The warmth of the morning was heavy with the murky heat of a distant forest-fire.

"Imagine sitting by a stove on a day like this—darned old skinflint," Arthur remarked. He looked toward the northern horizon, where hung a low mass of smoke. "That fire is getting closer. You can feel it now as well as smell it."

"We'll go, of course," said Laura, unshed tears behind her voice.

"As soon as I get Beelzebub ready. No telling how far he'll go without trouble, but he's ours anyhow."

"Beelzebub is an offense to Matt."

"I suppose so, hating automobiles the way he does."

There was plenty to be done. Beelzebub had literally limped in the day before. Arthur began at once on the car. Laura packed their suitcases, and still Arthur was not ready. She joined him in the yard. He had crawled under the car, and she handed him tools, grease, rags.

On the other side of the fence a splendid bay horse nickered. When they did not come to him he jerked his head up and moved restlessly away, only to return and arch his neck over the rail and regard them with solemn eyes.

"Fine horse, that," said Arthur.

"The one living creature, I believe, that Matt still loves. I think he hates automobiles on Dobbin's account."

"Maybe. But remember Dobbin is cheaper."

"And less citified."

"All the neighbors seem to have cars—in some condition or other. They must have Matt about crowded off the road."

"Which doesn't improve his disposition," added Laura.

The farm dinner was put on the table at noon, and with the exception of Sarah, they ate almost

in silence. She for once made the conversation, talking mostly to Hank, the farm-hand, the latest of several whom Matt had hired since he had elected to live as befitted a man of some means.

There was a strange heat in the air, an oppressive density which made it hard to breathe. Not a breeze stirred. The kitchen-garden was wilting, even the fruit-trees hung their leaves.

After dinner Matt made no objection when Sarah let the fire die down. He went out and fed his horse a measure of grain, patting the animal's sleek neck and crooning to him. Matt then returned to the house and threw himself into an arm-chair on the porch.

Dobbin, instead of dozing under his tree and switching flies as his usual aid to digestion, tramped up and down his yard, his eyes fiery. Whenever he reached an obstructing fence or wall he turned sharply with a toss of the head.

ARTHUR returned to his work on Beelzebub, Laura helping as best she could. Soon she was as black as he. Matthew, from his chair on the porch, snickered. Laura thought he said something about a "city woman." Her blonde daintiness had always been a target for his raillery if not his scorn. This time she did not retort. What was the use when a man had become impossible? Not getting any support for an argument, Matthew yawned and went within for a nap.

Presently Sarah came out on an errand to the garden. She shaded her eyes with her large-knuckled hand and studied the sky to the north, where the smoke was now

rising in billowing masses of gray and brown.

"Looks as if that fire was gaining headway," Arthur remarked. "Don't think there's any danger of its getting close, do you?"

"Matt says not." Apparently Sarah was unconcerned. Long habit of accepting Matthew's judgment had either injured her or else she felt the uselessness of protest.

Sarah never said much. It saved trouble. Her eyes looked as if she had wiped them dry of furtive tears.

It was mid-afternoon before Beelzebub was, as Laura said, road-worthy. They said a restrained goodbye. Tears were frankly in Sarah's eyes now and in her daughter's.

As Arthur closed the gate behind them and turned the car southward Laura noticed that the smoke-clouds were climbing higher over the mountains, obscuring their outlines and creeping down the canyons.

"I don't know that we ought to leave them," she said, glancing back at the drab figures of the two old people, who had already turned to the affairs of their little universe.

"Money talks," quoted Arthur. "Let Matt's money talk to the fire for him, if it comes too near. Matt and fire are good friends anyhow. He likes fire a lot better than he does us."

They didn't know what they were going to do. Their entire worldly goods were on the four wheels under them. They had very little money, and work was scarce.

"The folks don't realize how scarce," said Laura.

"They're a couple of old fossils," Arthur declared. "I'm through with them."

That hurt Laura too, and still she could not blame him. Naturally he didn't know her people as well as she did, nor could he be expected to have the same tolerance for them.

THE old car chugged along in the heat. It labored as they entered the hills at the southern rim of the valley. There, on a blistering climb, where the murky sun beat down unhindered by any tree, a tire blew out. Patching it took them an hour, and then



Photo by LaVaux Merrill
Daintes Trance
on the Chareute, France

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BEER LEGISLATION AND PROHIBITION REPEAL AS *Relief Measures*

By WALDEMAR READ



PROHIBITION was 'put over' on the people as a war-time measure. "It was enacted during a period of hysteria." "What may have been justified in an emergency is not necessarily just as a permanent policy." Thus, for nearly fifteen years, the "wets" have been dinning the ears of the "drys." These utterances take on special interest just now by reason of the fact that we are passing through another "period of hysteria;" we are again faced with a national emergency.

Curiously enough, we propose to meet the present emergency by a complete "about-face"—by a reversal of the policy which we adopted in the former crisis—by a repeal of legislation enacted on the prior occasion.

Is the paradox only apparent? Do the two emergencies differ in such a way as to require opposite treatment? Or, is not, rather, the paradox real, an index of the hysteria which now prevails? No one, I believe, has ever seriously questioned the desirability of prohibition as a war-time measure. Why is it not equally potent as an economy policy in the present emergency? Yet at the present writing it would appear that the relentless forces arrayed against the Eighteenth Amendment have suddenly and alarmingly gained strength; and that this gain has been largely through propaganda which connects "repeal" with "relief." Since the result threatening seems to be a wiping out of the achievements of half a century in this fight against one of human welfare's greatest foes; and since the enemy is riding to victory on strength lent by this "relief" propaganda; it is impossible to over emphasize the need for all to do some clear thinking: to the end that all may clearly

understand the philosophy upon which this propaganda is based, and the mental factors in our social life which make for its acceptance.

In the first place we must not discount the principles of mob psychology which are operative. Mobs grow out of a human trait well nigh universal: the desire to be "on the band-wagon." Mobs characterize elections as they do lynchings. We adhere to, or reject, programs of public policy, codes of ethics, theoretical speculations and the like in much the same spirit with which we choose our wearing apparel; that is, we are sensitive to modes of thought just as we are to fashions of dress. No one likes to be recognized as an adherent of an out-moded doctrine, any more than he cares to be seen in a suit of clothes cut to an antiquated model. Just now the "wets" are in the ascendancy; to be a "dry" is to be old fashioned—a crank. Significant are headlines on the front page of this evening's paper, which reports passage of the beer bill by the national house of representatives: "*Dry Forces Wilt as Wets Put Over Cullen Measure*" * * Congressmen Amused by Dry Talks." When the defenders of a cause find themselves objects of mirth on the part of a majority, or

even of a respected minority, their cause is well nigh lost. The writer recently witnessed a "dry" petition, designed to influence our state legislature, circulate in a "gospel doctrine class" of an L. D. S. Sunday School. After leaving his hands, the petition passed through the hands of approximately fifteen young people without receiving a signature. To infer that all these were "wet" sympathizers would be to err. More near the truth is the thought that many were "dry" but ashamed to commit themselves openly as adherents of a losing cause. If the tide is to be stemmed; if the Eighteenth Amendment, or prohibition in any form, is to be saved; it must be done by those who are neither afraid nor too lazy to think the matter through courageously, independently, and thoroughly, and who have character sufficient to let their convictions be their guide. In the first place, then, just now to be a "wet" is to be fashionable; which means that the popular thing is to accept uncritically any argument which supports, however superficially, the program of repeal.

IN the second place we are at present the victims of "depression hysteria," by reason of which we grasp desperately, uncritically, at any suggested relief. And in the third place, the plea for beer legislation and the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is made generally acceptable to the popular mind by reason of an unfortunate economic doctrine, a doctrine older than the depression and wider in its application than just to the liquor question. The doctrine in question may be summarized in a proposition and a corollary. The proposition: Since production enriches a country, consumption en-

(Continued on page 486)

Forever or Never

By Captain TRUE BANHEARDT
HARMSEN

"I recognized ability in you when I hired you. If you could make good in the mission field, you can make good here."



PART TWO CHAPTER ONE

JOHN ALDER felt in his vest pocket. The ring was still there. He should have thrown it away, but something made him keep it. Louise had been so stiff and unbending. "Freely have I received, freely do I give it back," she had said, handing him his ring. Of course it was all over town by now. Biff was the sort to tell, and that girl who had gone out on the porch with him had seen and heard everything.

"Oh, so you are like that?" Louise had whispered, but her whisper pierced like the north wind. "If I never see you again, it will still be too soon. Now, good night!"

She had meant it, too. Well, he wasn't going to neglect his Church duties just to avoid her. There were other Wards in town. The Third Ward, for instance.

There he was greeted warmly, and was surprised to find that he knew nearly all those gathered for Sunday School. He was invited to

The story thus far;—John Alder returns from a mission to Holland. Louise falls to meet him. The neighbors give him a warm welcome. He decides they don't mean it. He stops a deer hunting trip planned by his father and brother for Sunday. Quarrels with Louise, then learns

that she had made it possible for him to finish his mission. Finds her in the porch sitting with Biff Randolph at his welcome-home party at her house.

"Louise isn't wearing your ring, Johnny." Somehow it didn't sound bad the way she said Johnny.



visit the missionary class and say a few words.

It was a typical Sunday School class. Friends extending warm greetings to one another before the lesson started. That is, all but one—Louise! She stared at him with amazed, round eyes. She was pale under her make-up; then she flushed.

"So, you followed me?" She stood up. The class was silent as if by magic.

"I tried to get away from you," John countered, in a low voice.

Louise sat down, but her attitude said plainly that she was tolerating to avoid a scene.

"Brother John Alder, recently returned from the Netherlands Mission where he was District President, which ranks with a Stake President here, will give us a few remarks."

SILENCE. Staring eyes. What would he say? Love? That was it. He talked about brotherly love, toleration, respect for others. Opinions are free, ad-

vice freer. People are like dogs—if you keep them chained up, they run away; if you allow them freedom, they come back. It's the chained thing that bucks itself to death trying to escape. What you need is a new book, not a new leaf. If your brother is doing wrong, show him by example; try to better him.

He sat down, feeling that he had given a good talk. Someone snickered. He jerked up his head. An argument started over what he had said. Some for, some against. He was asked to explain. He could not remember just what he had meant about chained things. He hesitated, and Louise rose.

"John Alder." She leaned forward, her voice was husky. "You are puffed up over yourself, drugged with your own vanity; you think you've been cracking your little whip and making life jump through hoops and dance your kind of jig. You have reformed Holland, and saved the world, and now you want to save us. Charity begins at home. Re-

form starts with self. All this time life has been tearing past you, not even bothering to discover whether you were pleased or not. You're mighty small to me!"

John turned and faced her. "You are shallow," he countered. "You are so experienced that you can pass judgment on me. You go around singing, 'Did You Think to Pray.' You paint, powder, pet, and what else, I don't know. You've always had everything you wanted, but you've never wanted anything worthwhile, real. You don't get real things by—"

"Just what is all this?" the teacher broke in.

The class was silent—they had heard of the night before.

That night John went to church in his own Ward. There was another missionary who had returned during the week. The two of them were to speak. He was introduced in glowing terms. He felt good. He stood up. He hoped the Spirit would guide him. He must give them a message that would do some good. What would he talk about? Love, his old standby. Love for the Lord; the Lord's day (did his father and brother squirm?); love for your fellow man; love for yourself, self-respect (did Louise take that hint?). Oh, dear, he could think of nothing else to say. He sat down. Only seven minutes gone!

The Bishop thanked him, and said it was one of the best sermons ever preached by a returned missionary, but they had hoped he would talk a little Dutch to them, but later they would hear him, perhaps some Mutual night. Brother Marston, who had returned from the South African Mission, would now speak.

He told a joke. (If that happened in Holland, the Saints would fall off the seat.) He kept them laughing. He had been chased by a bulldog, kicked out of a house, chased by a woman with a broom. He had fallen into a ditch and was arrested for disturbing the peace. Had fallen from a motorcycle and torn the seat of his pants. He talked a half hour, but didn't preach five minutes, not even one minute—that is, not a gospel doctrine sermon.

After the service, everybody crowded around Elder Marston and told him he had made a wonderful speech. A few gathered around John. They shook his hand and said they were glad to see him. Louise stood off to one side. John noticed that she was alone, and motioned to her. When she came over to him, he asked: "Want to go home with us?"

"Your talk was inspirational," she replied.

He felt good again. He liked her. She had taken the hint, then, or was she teasing him? What did she know about religion, anyhow?

sorry for himself. He had been President of the largest District in the Netherlands Mission, had made many converts, was a logical and convincing speaker, knew the gospel, could trip up a minister in less than five minutes; but he had not been called upon to speak again. Marston had spoken again, and three or four times in other Wards. Marston told jokes. The gospel is serious, no laughing matter. Salvation is to be striven for, not laughed for.

All that he had done in the way of church activity was to help administer the sacrament twice. Each time someone had failed to appear, and he had been approached with the air: You'll do, sorry the other party isn't here. Of course, he didn't expect to be a bishop's counselor right off, but a man who had distinguished himself in the mission field, a District President, should be used. There was the Y. M. M. I. A., the Sunday School. They hadn't even offered him the position of teacher. It all went to show how much they appreciated a fellow working hard and doing things on his mission.

He walked home with Louise one afternoon, and spoke to her about it. She asked him if he expected them to fire all the tried and true men who had spent twenty or thirty years serving the Church, just to make way for him. He pointed out that they could at least offer him a job as Ward Teacher.

She laughed. "Perhaps you are not suited."

No sympathy there. They did not mention their broken engagement, but he spoke to her about going with other boys. That got on his nerves. "No strings tied to me," she told him.

When he arrived home, the whole family was there, even his father. How like strangers they all seemed to him—thinking and acting differently.

"I got canned," Mr. Alder told him. "Factory closed."

"Lucky I got me a job today," John returned, attempting to cheer his father. "I go to work tonight. Morning newspaper. In the mail-room. Seventy-five per month. But there is a chance there. All the bosses from the General Manager down started in at the bottom. They never go outside the organization, but always promote somebody."

"That's fine!" His mother looked ten years younger.

After supper, he walked down by Stone's. Louise was not home, so he sat on the front porch with her mother.

"Louise isn't wearing your ring, Johnny." Somehow it didn't sound bad the way she said Johnny.

He felt a lump in his throat. A tear slid down his cheek, and he leaned his head on her shoulder. She put an arm about him, and put just the right pressure in her embrace to ease the hurt in his heart. Funny she should know just how hard to hug a fellow. She had never had a son, only Louise.

"You wouldn't understand," he told her.

"Perhaps I would," she said.

Perhaps! So he told her of his dreams, his ambitions, his longing for a wife who loved the Gospel, a family, a home of his own—nothing elaborate, just a little home and a family. All this had been in his heart, but somehow or other it had all gone crashing when he had returned and seen Louise again. She destroyed his dreams, made fun of his ideals, laughed at his ambitions, called him vain, selfish, bigoted.

Mrs. Stone seemed to understand, and John felt better. She told him: "Louise is a very destructive young person. She seems to like to dance on dreams and hear

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Photo by DeVon E. Humphries
Three Brothers
Walter C. Humphries, 78
Albert B. Humphries, 85
Jessie B. Humphries, 76
They walked across the plains.

CHAPTER TWO

AT the end of four months, John was feeling pretty

WEDDING BELLS AROUND THE WORLD

By MOLLY WINSTON PEARSON and WILLIAM THOMPSON, F.R.G.S.



A Wedding Party, Floda, Dalecarlia, Sweden

Photo by Wm. Thompson

June is the month of weddings, therefore, we present

The Bride of Sweden

HAPPY is the bride the sun shines on!" One has always pictured brides the world over peeping from their windows in the early morn to see if old Sol were going to add that longed-for touch of gold to their wedding day. But not so the Swedish bride—count her out of that bridal morning picture. For she believes firmly in the saying of her country, "Wealthy will be the wife upon whose bridal crown the rain falls." In Sweden, therefore, a wet or showery day for her wedding is the heart's desire of every bride.

The folk wedding of Sweden clings staunchly to the ancient customs of the race. This demurely smiling bride in our picture will have been up betimes attending punctiliously to all the little artless, age-old ceremonies of the Swedish

wedding day. She has already put the last loving stitches in the fine embroidered shirt which is her gift to the bridegroom. He will wear this under his bright-colored wedding waistcoat, and then never again, until at the end of his life, he is buried in it.

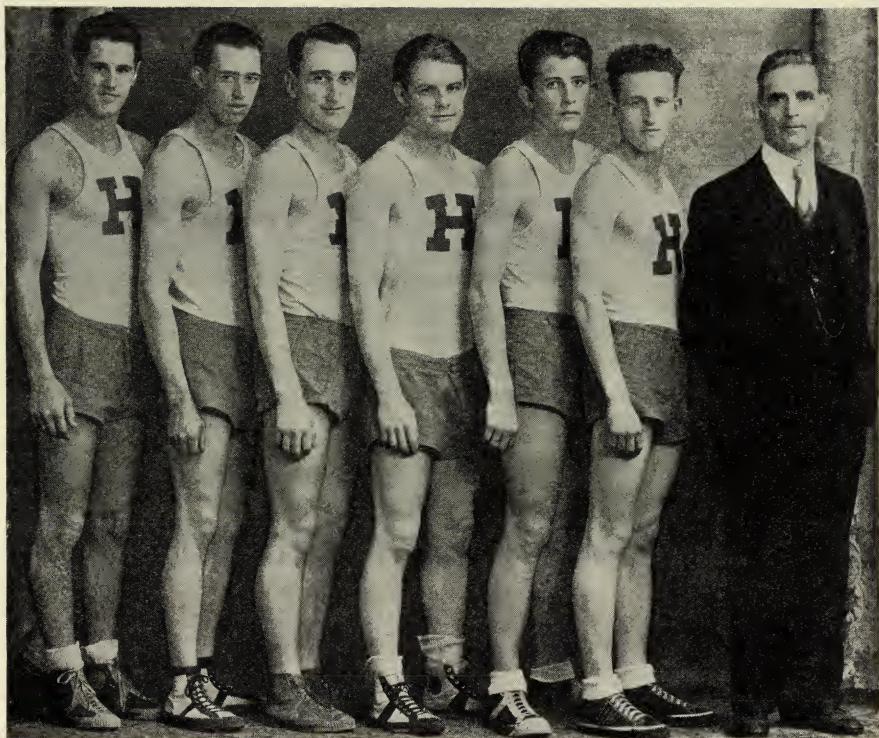
The dainty, beautifully embroidered garments of her trousseau lie neatly folded in the marriage-chest which has been preserved in her family for generations. A Swedish maiden, like the Italian, begins when scarcely more than a child to make lovely things to fill her marriage-chest. When her bridal day finally dawns, this heirloom-chest is opened, and her girlish treasures are exhibited as a glowing testimonial to her thrift, daintiness and skill.

WHEN the bride comes to put on her shoes, she finds that

her father has tucked a piece of silver in her left shoe, and her mother has placed a gold piece in her right shoe, thus insuring for their child, as they believe, the comforts and luxuries of a prosperous wedded life. Fully arrayed in her bridal finery, the maiden then repairs to the cowshed and milks one cow, in order that an abundance of milk may never be lacking in her new home.

Entering the busy kitchen where the elaborate wedding feast is being prepared, the bride sets aside a portion of every dish to be sent out to the poor of the district that they may share in her happiness and give her their blessings. This is a modern, practical version of the old Swedish wedding custom of putting out food under a tree as an offering to the "Little People" in

(Continued on page 489)



TAKE M MEN BASKETBALL TROPHY TO COAST—Glendale ward of Hollywood stake, California, became the first M Men basketball team to take the all-Church championship out of the Beehive state. The 1932-33 title winners are: (Left to right) Glen LeCheminant, Karl Johnson, Hugh Smith, Basil Gough, Charles Lund, Roger Slater and Coach William J. Gough.

M MEN COURT CROWN *Moves to Coast*

By LES GOATES

IT is significant of the ever-broadening scope of Mutual Improvement Association basketball that the championship of the greatest single standard league of its kind in the world went out and away from the home Beehive during the 1932-33 season for the first time since the inception of M

Men court play more than fifteen years ago.

Glendale ward of California is monarch of Mutual basketball by reason of victory over colleague aggregations from all over the Intermountain west, in the final all-Church tournament held in the Weber gymnasium in Ogden, March 8 to 11, and with their

impressive triumph the L. D. S. boys from the Golden State set up a new high standard of competitive performance for the most stupendous court project ever undertaken.

While the laurel sprig for team achievement went to Glendale, every young man taking part in the M Men basketball program assisted in the establishment of a



OUTSTANDING STARS IN M. I. A. BASKETBALL LEAGUE—The seventh annual honor team in M Men basketball play was selected at the Ogden tournament, March 8 to 11 as follows: (Left to right) Thomas Tiano, Poplar Grove, forward; Roger Slater, Glendale, guard; "Sonny" Campbell, Wasatch, center; Charles Lund, Glendale, forward and Turnquist, Ogden Eighth, guard.

record for mass participation. Members of the Y. M. M. I. A. by the thousands took part in the sport and the number of teams was counted by the thousands.

Upward to 10,000 boys, M Men and Vanguards, representing more than five hundred wards of the Church, played the game under the supervision of the M. I. A. basketball committee. The work was projected to this unprecedented range of activity by Homer C. Warner, director of physical recreation for the M Men organization, assisted by such capable regional supervisors as Reed Richards, Salt Lake and Carl Lindquist, Ogden tournament manager.

THE curtain was rung down on the season with the championship contest between Glendale and Poplar Grove, the Salt Lake district title holders, on the fourth day of another successful Ogden tournament. The Pioneer stake leaders, fighting valiantly to carry on the rich basketball tradition of their ward and region, was up against a smooth working combination that shot baskets with amazing precision from long and short range alike. It was a thrilling game from whistle to gun and in the ultimate it was Glendale's long-distance shooting that took the championship out of Utah for the first time in history. The score was 27 to 21.

Seventeen teams took part in the competition, the odd number being

the result of Nevada's non-appearance and the belated entry of the California champions. An extra team from the Salt Lake district (Wasatch) and another from Ogden (Ogden Eighth ward) were admitted to fill out the tournament bracket. Glendale arrived to make her titular bid after the first pairings were made, so the two substitute teams were allowed to remain in the championships. This worked somewhat of a hardship on Wasatch ward, which was obliged to play four games in forty-eight hours, but showed startling stamina by finishing in fifth place.

THE contending teams were: Elsinore (Sevier), Taylorsville (Salt Lake No. 2), Glendale (California), Mapleton (Provo), Alpine, (Alpine-Lehi), Heyburn (Burley), Ogden Eighth (Ogden No. 3), Wellsville (Logan No. 2), Poplar Grove (Salt Lake No. 1), Sunnyside (Price), Wasatch (Salt Lake No. 3), Logan Tenth (Logan), Bennington, (Montpelier), Ogden Fourth (Ogden No. 1), Hinkley (Dixie), Ogden Eleventh (Ogden No. 2), and Pocatello (Idaho).

The first round results:

Taylorsville 29, Elsinore 19.
Glendale 53, Mapleton 21.
Alpine 73, Heyburn 12.
Ogden Eighth 40, Wellsville 26.
Poplar Grove 34, Sunnyside 22.
Wasatch 42, Logan Tenth 20.
Bennington 39, Ogden Fourth 28.
Hinkley 34, Ogden Eleventh 29.

The winning teams went into

the championship competition while the losers competed for consolation honors in the second round of games with the following results:

Wasatch 43, Pocatello First 25.
Sunnyside 46, Heyburn 38.
Elsinore 27, Wellsville 19.
Ogden Fourth 43, Mapleton 25.
Ogden Eleventh 44, Pocatello First 27.
Poplar Grove 26, Alpine 24.
Ogden Eighth 24, Taylorsville 22.
Wasatch 29, Hinkley 23.
Glendale 40, Bennington 24.

Glendale, Ogden Eighth, Poplar Grove and Wasatch had then won two games and were undefeated in the semi-finals which were run off on Friday with the following results:

Poplar Grove 36, Wasatch 25.
Glendale 44, Ogden Eighth 27.
Ogden Eleventh 44, Sunnyside 20.
Ogden Fourth 34, Elsinore 29.
Taylorsville 37, Bennington 28.
Hinkley 14, Alpine 33.

Climactic play on Saturday night was recorded as follows:

Glendale 27, Poplar Grove 21.
Ogden Fourth 28, Ogden Eleventh 23.
Alpine 18, Taylorsville 35.
Ogden Eighth 34, Wasatch 28.

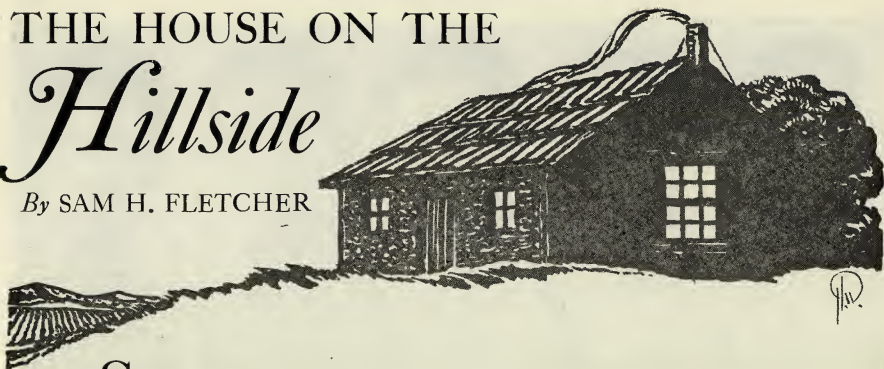
The order of finish, therefore, was as follows:

First—Glendale.
Second—Poplar Grove.
Third—Ogden Eighth.
Fourth—Taylorsville.
Fifth—Wasatch.
Sixth—Alpine.

Consolation champions—Ogden Fourth.
Consolation runner-up—Ogden Eleventh.
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THE HOUSE ON THE Hillside

By SAM H. FLETCHER



SOME time ago, when the fat years were upon the land, Vid Winn boasted that he had built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended and watered his winter wheat, and the floods came and filled his reservoir with water; and the house fell not: for it was built of hewn logs. Within, lived a busy wife and happy children. All were contented for the fertile earth to them was a wonderful thing.

Beyond the house were piled the foothills with a rich soil many feet deep. Here in summer lay the red stretches of fallow land between the acres of growing grain that nodded unceasingly in the wind.

Among these hills were other farmers who were less contented, whose wives were less busy, and whose children were less happy, for their faces were turned away from the deep rich earth and they longed for the comforts of the city.

Upon the heels of the fat years came the lean years. The land still brought forth in such abundance that the granaries were filled almost to bursting; and millions of poor people went hungry for bread. Many a farmer found difficulty in trading the whole produce of his farm for enough money to buy clothing for his family.

Came a day, following the harvest, when Vid Winn's nearest neighbor, Johnson, was seen coming down the road with his furniture and family piled high on his wagon. As he drew up in front, Vid went out and took him by the hand.

"I see you're pulling your feet out of the soil," said Vid.

"Yes," said Johnson, "I've

watered these old hills with sweat for the last time—I hope. I've decided to let the mortgage company do my worrying for me."

"You can't go out of the worrying business that easy," replied Vid.

Johnson laughed and drove on down the road toward the city.

NOT long afterward, Ed Thomas stopped as he was going by with his family and furniture. And Vid went out and gave him a warm handclasp.

"Another of my neighbors shaking the red clay from his boots," said Vid. "I'm sorry to see you leaving."

"Can't say that I'm sorry to go," the other replied. "Too many years I've struggled trying to dig a decent living out of these old hillsides, with every year getting worse. Why should I waste my life among these dismal clay hills if they don't yield for me comforts and happiness, not even the bare necessities that I need for my family? The farm is buried in delinquent taxes; so I'm giving it back to the government, and I'm

looking for an easier place to dig a living out of."

"Remember," said Vid, as Thomas drove off, "that the easier the digging, the better the timbers must be."

Vid watched his neighbor until he slowly disappeared, trailing with him a small cloud of dust. Then he turned about with a shrug of his shoulders as though trying to throw off the effects of a bad dream. He looked across the rounded hills with their yellow fields of stubbled grain, from which that year's crop of wheat had been taken; and the patches of red fallow land, ready for the planting, from which the next year's harvest would be taken; and beyond the foothills where the great blue bulks of the mountains rose. How could any man say this was a dismal place!

OTHER neighbors moved away but Vid was still undaunted. He went whistling about his work, making his cheery boast that he would still be there and happy when the sun of prosperity again peeped into the valley; because his house was built on a rock. And he reaped some happiness from every passing hour; while other men turned troubled eyes to the future.

"What do you mean," said a passerby, "when you say that your house is built on a rock? I can see little difference between it and the other houses found among these hills."

"The difference is there," said Vid, "but most people can't see it. My house is built on the rock of contentment."

Garden Gates

By Cristel Hastings

GARDEN gates are tantalizing things! Sometimes they give a glimpse of iris beds—Trim rows of dahlias, hollyhock and vine, And bits of rainbows—yellows, blues and reds!

But never can I see the little plants Like violets and pansies Summer flings Between the fragrant walks I know are there—Garden gates are tantalizing things!

Ah, that Bible of yours, or, is it yours? Have you made it



YOUR WEEK-DAY Bible

By GUSTIVE O. LARSEN

SAY, that's twice you've called me a 'Good Samaritan.' What does that mean?"

It is related how a cultured student from India, enroute to address a convention in an American city, found himself embarrassed for hotel accommodations. A "night-coasting" taxi driver became interested in his fare and offered him his own bed and breakfasted him the following-morning. But when the Oriental referred to his benefactor as a "Good Samaritan" the phrase didn't register. So, while they waited for the ferry-boat, this stranger from the East read to the taxi driver the New Testament story of that other man who found himself in need of a friend and was aided by one who stopped in a busy life to lend a helping hand.

There are undoubtedly other "Good Samaritans" among us who are not familiar with the term. But when discoveries of such are made it shocks us in a civilization grown up with the Bible, and raises a consideration of just how much the literature of this record has entered into the daily life of the average American.

Surveys have determined that quotations from this record outnumber those from Shakespeare seven to one in current periodicals. The Bible not only outsells the "best sellers" each year, but has retained an unbroken lead in sales since the inception of printing. In the 126 years of its history the British and Foreign Bible Society, alone, has printed approximately 400,000,000 copies. From the Old Bible House, at Philadelphia, nearly 80,000,000 volumes of scripture have found their way into readers' hands.

With well over a total of 700,000,000 copies of the Bible off the press, its nearest competitor—Bunyan's, "Pilgrim's Progress," with 160,000,000 copies—can scarcely boast one-fifth that number. It is the book of the people, as Carlyle said, found in the homes of the humblest and richest. Consciously, or unconsciously, men and women throughout the land, drink from this literary fountain daily.

HOW familiar are members of the service clubs, which represent a cross section of American business and professional life, with this book of books? Do Rotarians, for instance, realize that in its pages are unfolded, from primitive beginnings, the spiritual and ethical buds which blossomed finally into the "Service above self" of the Great Rotarian?

Are modern business and professional men familiar with the road leading out of the darkness from whence came the evasive cry "Am I my brother's keeper?" to the light in which men have come to see that "whosoever would be great among them must be their servant?" "He profits most who serves best" was not born in a day. It was a long journey to the summit where Jesus taught that "whosoever shall lose his life (in service) shall find it."

Do you recognize the following phrases as they come from the Bible into your business life?

A house divided against itself cannot stand.

No prophet is accepted in his own country.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

Ye shall know them by their fruits.

No man can serve two masters.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

Can a leopard change his spots?

The truth shall make you free.

He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone.

Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.

The public generally may not recognize the scriptural source of such expressions as the following:

Salt of the earth.

A still small voice.

At their wits' end.

Building on the sand.

Apple of my eye.

Filthy lucre.

Eat, drink, and be merry.

Feet of clay.

Signs of the times.

In the twinkling of an eye.

Faith as a grain of mustard seed.

Hiding one's light under a bushel.

Straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

A living dog better than a dead lion.

Weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Escaped with the skin of my teeth the "eye of a needle."

To the pure all things are pure.

IT is not only in the pulpit that the Bible is drawn upon for enrichment of a message. After-dinner speeches, or formal addresses in almost any convention, abound with stories and illustrations from this record. They are best received where the auditor has some knowledge of their background. Are you prepared to appreciate fully such dramatic stories as these?

The Creation.

The Tower of Babel.

Esau sells his birthright.

Joseph's coat of many colors.

The Golden Calf.

Joshua and the Sun.

Gideon's test of the fleece.

Jephthah's rash vow.

Samson's riddle.

Naomi and Ruth.

David and Goliath.

David and Jonathan.

Solomon's choice of wisdom.

Haman and Mordecai.

Nebuchadnezzar's dream.

(Continued on page 510)

Introducing Our 1933-34 Slogan

Inspired by the refining influences of Mormonism we will develop the gifts within us.

THE new slogan adopted by the General Boards to be presented at the June Conference has in it a great many possibilities for expansion. It ought to inspire those who repeat it and to lend itself perfectly to the uses of the public speakers next year.

Two questions, upon reading the slogan, present themselves. The first is, What are the Refining Influences of Mormonism? In an attempt to clarify the thinking of our readers we are listing a few of these "Refining Influences":

1. The idea that God is a person like a man and is our actual Spiritual Father and that man may, through ages of labor, become like Him. Surely that thought becomes a refining influence.

2. Mormonism teaches that every baptized member of the church has as a companion The Holy Ghost.

3. The announcement that God glories in intelligence and that men are saved no faster than they gain knowledge. Where can a stronger motivating force be found?

4. The declaration that "God will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." In that is couched the idea of progression on this earth and throughout eternity.

5. The idea that every act of man is an important act, having a definite religious significance; that man's life is a unit. That idea ennobles the work-a-day world and makes every day a sacred Sabbath.

6. The announcement that every man has a right to hold the holy Priesthood. That thought strengthens a man's moral fiber and holds him up to a plane of "significant living."

7. The belief in the efficacy of cooperation and in the principle of equality before the Lord. How that thought thrilled hundreds of early converts as it thrills the converts of today.

8. The teaching of a personal existence after death and that we really "will know as we are known." People who believe that this personality of ours will live forever will undoubtedly spend some time upon the task of perfecting it.

9. The practice of training by doing throughout all of the organizations. The person who has actually presided; who has actually prayed in public for his fellows; who has taken part in sacred as well as in secular rites has acquired from that participation some refinement of spirit.

10. The teaching regarding the permanency of the marriage covenant. One who is taught that marriage is for eternity as well as for time is likely to choose a mate more carefully and to cherish that mate more tenderly once he or she is chosen.

The second question which the slogan raises is this: What are the gifts within?

Some of them might be enumerated as follows:

1. The innate intelligence—the power to see relationships.

2. The power to appreciate the good and the beautiful.

3. The gift or power of speech—of communication with one's fellows.

4. The gift of the five senses all of which can be improved and developed by training.

5. The gift of faith.

6. The gift of conscience.

7. The gift of patience.

8. The gift of hope.

9. The gift of love.

10. Those special, personal, individual endowments which differentiate one person from any other person in the world.

This new slogan suggests a noble task—that of perfecting one's self "even as He is perfect"—and furnishes the motivating forces.

M. I. A. Universal

THE passing of each year finds the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints a little stronger in all parts of the world. The M. I. A. which began a local organization in 1869 soon spread to the state, then to other states, and finally to all the world.

The vast recreational program of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations has been felt in all parts of the world. It has been like a bit of heaven put in a tremendous lump. Not only have thousands of members of the Church been affected by it; thousands of others, either closely or remotely connected with the work, have felt its influence.

The world-wide character of the organization was illustrated by a cablegram addressed to the general Boards by President Larsen, of the Danish Mission. It reads: "General Boards Mutuals, Salt Lake City, Love and greetings from three hundred delegates assembled in contest-meetings very successful, Larsen."

Visualize groups like that in many countries carrying out the M. I. A. program in many languages and you will have some idea of the scope of this work: three hundred in Denmark, other hundreds in Australia, South Africa, Hawaii, New Zealand—scores of other places. The program universal!

Visualize in every land elders interpreting the handbook, teaching the ideals of competition and training, passing on the contents of *The Improvement Era* each month; Saints, carrying in their hearts a strong testimony, an all-consuming desire to live in accordance with the Master's wishes and you have a picture of what the organization may some day do for the world.

It is somewhat indicative of the growing strength of the Church outside of Utah that the dancing championship last year went to the Northwestern States Mission, Portland, Oregon, and this year the M Men basketball championship went to Glendale, California. This year other

Editorial

championships may be carried away from the central stakes of Zion.

The Church is no longer merely a Utah Church or an American Church; it is a Church universal, as C. Frank Steele, of Canada, suggested in his communication last month. So let it be.

Contests

FROM the first hour of life, one meets competition, some of it unconscious, some of it intentional. The baby weighing 9 pounds at birth wins a little more admiration than one weighing 5½; the child who learns to talk at 15 months wins in the contest with all other babies who do not talk until they are past two years. There is competition for the biggest piece of pie; for the best marks on report cards; for the most attractive partner at the Junior prom; for the whitest sheets when they are laundered. Life is full of the elements of competition, and the power of it stirs people on to great accomplishments. To be the first to reach the North Pole; to be the one to discover cause and cure for cancer; to be the President of the United States or the treasurer of a Scout Troop; all of this is contest work, and because of that feature of it, greater effort is made and the level of achievement is raised. It is not, perhaps, the finest way of getting results; the Utopian condition would make each one interested in the other person, and anxious to see him getting the plums of life. But Utopia is not yet upon us; we still want to rise high and look down.

The time of M. I. A. contests is at hand—that era of unusual activity, or songs filling the air, and dances gracing every available floor; or plays going on and on, and speeches being learned before the mirror in the bedroom. Year by year the contests grow bigger both in number of participants and the quality of work done. Year by year the feeling of losing becomes less painful and the consciousness of having accomplished, finer. The prayer of contestants is not so much “Let me win,” as “Let me win if I am best; let the worthy one win, whoever it is.” Naturally it is not easy to come to this attitude with heart as well as lips; naturally each person is tremendously important to himself, and to his family and friends; naturally when a couple has learned a dance one way, and another couple, doing it differently, wins, the first one feels hurt and ill-treated. The habit of judging

athletic contests by the simple method of seeing someone make an extra basket, or lead a race by several feet has made it difficult to accept the statement of a judge—instead of everyone knowing who wins, three judges are giving the privilege of choosing, and the fact that half the audience may disagree makes no difference; and it is not easy.

One of the greatest achievements in contest work—M. I. A. or elsewhere—is that of being a good loser. A selected poem, once read at the Pocatello Stake meet, tells the whole story:

“Yes, teach me to stand by the side of the road
Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on thru life,
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare;
And if I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honor held high;
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

“So grant me to conquer, if conquer I can
By proving my worth in the fray,
But teach me to lose like a regular man,
And not like a craven, I pray;
Let me take off my hat to the warriors who strode
To victory splendid and high;
Yes, teach me to stand by the side of the road
And cheer as the winners go by.”

—E. T. B.

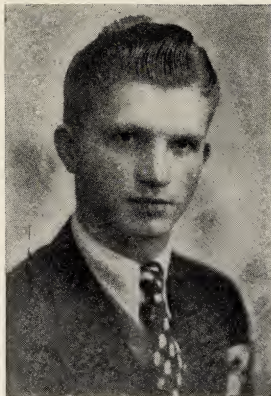
William Dale Read

ELDER WILLIAM DALE READ, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Read, of Ogden, died recently in a hospital at Vienna while serving as a missionary to Austria.

Elder Read's body was brought home to Ogden, where he was accorded a military funeral. Three bands, including the 222nd Field Artillery Band which he served as drum major, furnished music for the occasion.

“Of course, we find it hard to part with him,” said Mrs. Read, the mother of the young elder, recently, “but after receiving a fine letter from the good sister who nursed him and from the elders who knew him and did what they could to cheer him during his last illness we feel more consoled.”

Reports from the German-Austrian Mission are to the effect that Elder Read was a splendid missionary and that his work was acceptable to the mission authorities. His passing in a foreign land is to be regretted, but, as his mother said tenderly, “We know he is all right.”



Elder William Dale Read

June is the Month

June Morning

By Christie Lund

THE orchard still is damp from last night's rain
Its frail, white blossoms glisten in the sun;
Unnumbered birds sing down the garden lane
Where flowers are awakening, one by one.

The sky is moist and moving, wearing yet
A touch of glory from the kiss of dawn;
And this I know: God never will forget
Springtime—nor morning when the night is gone.

Rose-Time

By Elizabeth Witmer Locke

WHOEVER squanders time in sleep,
With June in flower,
Is bartering for values cheap
The transient hour.

With June's rich breath the roses blow
In ardent riot.
We stand alert on tippy-toe,
In blessed quiet.

Bloom-color is our daily food,
And for our thirsting
We drink our fill of incense brewed
From roses bursting.

Stars

By Estelle Webb Thomas

STARS tonight in the purple dark
And a slender, silver sickle moon,
And that restless, poignant ecstasy
That haunts the nights of June.

Stars tonight as on that night
You careless spoke your light goodby;
But you took from me the ecstasy
And the stars from out my sky.

Magnets

By Florence E. J. Mitchell

WE are magnets in this state called Life,
Always reaching out;
Attracting something to ourselves,
Sunshine, gloom or doubt.

A great compelling force of thought
Something you cannot see;
Law of spirit, undefined,
For all eternity.

If you attract a peaceful home,
And faithful friends, though few,
Joy, contentment, children's trust;
You know the magnet's true.

Grief

By Virginia Eggertson

RAIN doesn't come "drop! drop!"
In a town on the river.
There never drips a crystal
Or launches a sliver
Of tangible sleet in the blows.
Only, one suddenly knows
The cloudy sky and street have met,
And, unaccountably, one's cheeks are wet.

Retribution

By Florence Hartman Townsend

LIFE stabbed and tore my heart as
though it fain
Would bring to death my very soul with
pain.

Ah, keen the hours of tears and agony
Because of what Life, heedless, did to me.

I said, "I'll outwit cruel Life and feel
No more this pain like thrust of glowing steel."

And so I walled my sore heart well about
With callousness, indifference and doubt.

So well I built, till shell on flinty shell
'T would stand against the fiery pains of hell.

But O, when Love came knocking at the door
I learned what I had never known before:

That pain goes always hand in hand with bliss,
And when I banish that, I banish this.

And O, could pain this deadness now
replace!
To feel once more swift tears upon my face!

I won and, winning, lost the better part;
Nor pain nor bliss can touch my coward heart.

Bringing Home the Cows

By Bess Foster Smith

I LIKE the cow that takes the lead
When I bring them home at night,
She never leaves the narrow path.
She knows that way is right.

I like the cow that has no horns
Where they're supposed to be,
She is so gentle and meek and kind,
And she always follows me.

But I wait for the one that I like best—
The cow that lifts her face,
And stands so still on the breezy hill—
I think she is saying grace.

Four Dresses

By Ella Waterbury Gardner

IN spring I like a green, green dress,
A green dress,
A green dress.
Oh, I'm just willing to confess
I love things fresh and green and new
When budding spring has come! Don't you?

In summertime my dress is white.
A white dress,
A white dress.
Is what gives me the most delight.
So, clean and cool in snow-white gown,
I'll go a-walking into town.

My fall dress must be russet brown.
A brown dress,
A brown dress.
Shall be my favorite autumn gown.
In shades that have burned rich and deep
I'll walk along with queenly sweep.

In wintertime I want it red,
A red dress,
A red dress.
And nothing will I take instead.
The red is warm and bright and gay
So red I'll wear this bleak, cold day.

The House Called You

By Edith Wilcox Versluis

THE house called you shall one day stand
Symmetrical and strong and fair,
High on the rugged steeps you climb
To reach the grandeur visioned there.

Four-square and plumb its walls will rise
In loveliness that will endure;
The very rocks that bruised your feet
Will make its corner stone secure.

Its turrets will reflect the glow
Of roseate dreams renounced with pain.
Its upward flight of steps will mount
On duties you did not disdain.

Its windows will command a view
As wide and varied as the soul—
Will look on glad and somber scenes
From heights that contemplate the whole.

Its furnishings of priceless worth
That you have salvaged from defeat,
Will lend a chastened beauty to
Your stronghold when it is complete.

So rare a castle is not wrought
With magic wand, nor in a day;
But through the ages patiently
Through trial, discouragement, delay.

The house called you is yours to build,—
The highest task life can confer!
What finer thing could you create
Than nobly fashioned character?

of Roses and Poetry

"To the Maker of Sunsets"

By Glenn Dickson

GOD, as I see Your big sun sink behind
far Western hill
An' the prairie winds stop rustlin' an' all
is deathly still
I wonder what kind You are up on Your
heavenly throne,
Oh God, You must be an artist by the
pictures You have shown.

God, I think You took kindly to this
Western land.

An' spent some time a fixin' it with Your
own personal hand,
And You gave it a dash of freedom, and
some color in the sky,
And it makes me long to meet You up
there, bye and bye.

When we meet up there, if we ever do,
let it be face to face,
For I would like to meet the One that
made this kind of place,
For You gave it a touch of color, and a
rainbow for the sky,
An' I want to tell You how I liked it,
up there, bye and bye.

A Field Has Feelings

By Jean McCaleb

EACH joyous plant lifts up glad puls-
ing hands,
Fresh-bathed by summer's iridescent
dew;
But soon these plants must satisfy grim
gold's demands,
We wonder—does a field have feelings
too?

Last year, a smiling plot of mellow brown.
You were caressed by sun rays all year
through;

But now, choked by harsh greed of the
encroaching town,
Small garish houses rise where clouds
of cotton grew.

Do fields have aching hearts that grieve
and break

When gold chokes out the children that
earth grew?

Do morning skies bleed, when no joyous
plants awake?

We wonder—does a field have feelings
too?

A Plea to Spring

By Alice Pierce Willardson

SHALL the throbbing breath of spring-
time

Touch gray skies and make them blue?
Shall the chaste perfume of flowers
Speak to souls and make them true?

Shall the warmth of summer evenings

Melt the ice at least in part,

Shall the coming gentle breezes
Quell the blizzard in my heart?

Lozelle

By Ezra J. Poulsen

YOU came, Lozelle, with bluebirds in
the spring,

And never was a fairer blossomed May;
For you the roses bloom, and robins sing,
And fairies pipe of dream isles far away.
Your eyes are like an azure sea, Lozelle,
Where singing stars throw diadems of
gold;

Your heart beats melodies of love that tell
Of whisperings and memories of old.

And yet you seem so far beyond the pale
Of animate and fitting joyful things;
Across the crimson west stark shadows sail,
And seraphims in sorrow droop their
wings,

But you are gone! And nowhere does the
wistful eye

Behold the gleaming vision of your
flight.

Like radiant joy you fade into the sky
And mingle with the solitary night.

Your smile is gilded on the rainbow's hue.
Yet dreaming here we feel that earth is
gray.

Has all been lost—the hope we thought
was true—

The golden voice that made our spirits
gay?

Upon the far flung pinions of the wind,
Send music from the mansions where
you roam;

Cast back a glance, a smile—all doubt
rescind.

That we may learn the way 'twixt
Heaven and home.

Rocky Mountain Home

By Ada Hurst Brown

YOU may boast of noisy cities filled
with pleasure-seeking throngs,
Each person has the right to love the place
where he belongs.

Give me a mountain side in June, its
breezes soft and cool,

With oaks or maples shyly primping
in some quiet pool;

The tinkling of a sheep bell beyond a
distant hill,

The pungent odor of the pines, a sing-
ing mountain rill.

Through deserts, seas and cities though I
may be called to roam,

I'll always find the way back to my Rocky
Mountain home.

The Sky

By Bess Foster Smith

MY mother says that if I fly
And fly, I cannot touch the sky,
The pale blue space that's over head,
Is nothing but the air, she said.

It looks like just a big blue ball
That holds the earth so it can't fall.
But she says that if you should drop
You'd go and go and never stop.

Except for laws of gravitation,
And though I use my 'magination
It still looks like a big balloon,
Dotted with sun and stars and moon.

Rainy Night

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

I LOVE to stand
Within the park,

When white rain slants
Across the dark,

For then the rain,
The winds that moan.

The trees and I
Are all alone.

No harsh feet tread
Each winding walk,

And there is death
Of futile talk,

The while the winds,
Complaining, pass,

And raindrops dance
On leaves and grass.

Though folks declare

That I am fey,
I give no heed

To what they say,
Because I brave

The elements
And gain the trees'

Shy confidence.

Fairies

By Gladys Hendrickson

I KNOW that the wildwood holds fairies

Loving the long sunny lanes,
Else who'd sing the song of the sunshine

And who'd sing the song of the rains?

I know when I thrill to the music

Of waterfall, far and away,
Filling the forest with laughter

It can be no one but they.

Their fingers polish the water

Making it sparkle and shine:

Their fingers play on the harp strings
Of nodding green aspen and pine.

Oh, I know there are people who doubt
them

But I am not one who can scoff—
I know when the scarlet leaves flutter

It's frost fairies picking them off.

I've seen in the heart of a flower

A brilliant of sparkling dew
And the lake dance with white-caps at

evening—

I know there are fairies, don't you?

An Open Letter to College Students

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prophet higher and more exalted truths than he has ever before known and unfold to his spiritual eyes visions of the past, forecasts of the future and circumstances of the utmost novelty, how will the inspired man interpret? Manifestly, I think, in the language he knows and in the terms of expression with which his knowledge and experience have made him familiar. So is it not therefore ungenerous, unfair and unreasonable to impugn the validity and the whole worth of the Bible merely because of the limited knowledge of astronomy and geography that its writers possessed.

The Bible gives an account of the creation of the world. It is simply stated. It has been made the object of ridicule by some scholars. And yet where is the man on the earth today who has the knowledge, the demonstrable facts to gainsay the truth of the account? I do not pretend to have knowledge of scientific data sufficient to bring proof for the assertion but I am advised that the order of creation as stated in Genesis conforms substantially with the order established by scientific research and deductions.

OBJECTION is made to the methods employed in Biblical creation whereas in fact the Bible purports to give no method, no real definition of processes whatever. Rather it makes authoritative statements of the facts of creation. Who that is really interested in these major truths will take serious objection to the description of the organization of man: that he was made of the dust of the earth and that his spirit was breathed into him and that woman was made of his rib? Indeed scientists are now all agreed that there is nothing in his physical body except the dust of the earth and those who are candid readily admit that they do not know what his spirit is or whence it came, nor do they know how woman was made.

I grant freely that I do not understand how a woman can be made of a rib, nor how a man's spirit can be breathed into him but because I have been unable to understand or explain these expressions I have never been disposed to doubt the things of major im-

port set forth in the account; namely, the author of creation, the subjects of creation, the order of creation, and the purpose of creation.

The time of creation has ever been a subject of much comment and dispute. Yet I challenge anybody to produce from the Bible itself any finite limitation whatsoever of the periods of creation. By strained inferential references and interpretations men have sought to set the time in days or periods of a thousand years, but I feel sure that no justification of such limitations is warranted by the scriptures themselves. If the evolutionary hypothesis of the creation of life and matter in the universe is ultimately found to be correct, and I shall neither be disappointed nor displeased if it shall turn out so to be, in my humble opinion the Biblical account is sufficiently comprehensive to include the whole of the process.

Why do the critics whose evident purpose is to scrap the Bible ignore its profound philosophies, its great code of morals and its salutary principles of government and human conduct? Most of them will concede its literary beauty and its most potent influence on the race but they deny its validity, its authority, and therefore its real value to mankind.

LET me ask: How did the Ten Commandments come to be there and what is their value? Who first thought out this transcendent code of morals that has withstood the test of time and now finds itself incorporated into the organic laws of every civilized nation and society on earth, not in its entirety, it is true, because church and state are separated, but insofar as the

code relates to human relations? Where is the source of these rules of conduct?

Humanists will tell us that they were concocted by men, the product of men's experience and their observation looking to the good of society. If that be so, surely they were formulated by super-men with vision extended far into the generations to follow, for no other conventions of society of which profane history gives us record have been adhered to with anything like the tenacity and beneficence which have attended this remarkable code. I think it is far easier for most of us who have any credence at all in Divinity to ascribe their source as divine than to imagine their origin in far-seeing, ultrawise super-men of the dim past.

Space will scarcely permit the mention of other distinct contributions which the holy Bible has made to the welfare of the human race. It came forth at a time when the peoples of the world worshiped many gods. The religions of the people surrounding Palestine were polytheistic. The Bible is the exponent of one God. With all the culture and learning of Greece, the pomp and power of Rome and the dominance of Babylon and Assyria, the little impotent scattered Hebrew nation with the aid of the Bible brought Jehovah to triumph over all the other gods and as the processes of civilization went forward Jehovah, the one God, led the way, dominated all learning, all science, all new discoveries and even today the Israelitish people, a nation without a country, can point with justifiable pride that their one God, the Jehovah who led their tribal army, has conquered the greater nations of the earth and still reigns as King of Kings.

HOW has this been possible? Chiefly through the Bible which has embraced the religion of the civilized forces of the earth and has commanded more attention, study and devotion than any other book civilized man has ever known. Shall it now in this enlightened age be laid aside, ignored and ridiculed because a few men think they see within its many pages a few things that do not seem to harmonize with modern discovery?



Photo by Lester J. Davenport
On Table Mountain
Grand Teton National Park

Fellow students, I submit we can ill afford to reach a hasty conclusion on a matter so important.

In this discussion of the Bible I have made reference almost exclusively to matters contained within the Old Testament. Even there I have passed by many important items, such for instance as the forms and procedure of government which today serve as prototypes for modern nations. I have said nothing of the New Testament. I feel, however, that I can safely entrust it to your consideration and private opinion. You know of its beauty. You are acquainted with the incomparable life to which it is devoted. You not only have knowledge of the messages which came to mankind from Jesus the Christ but many of you have felt in reality the power and influence which his message and personality give your lives.

We began with a quotation from Mr. John Langdon-Davies to the effect that modern man has a religion "because the material facts of life are not sufficient for his happiness," that "man is a believing animal," and that enlightened man in this scientific age is entitled to an overbelief beyond the body or natural knowledge and that this overbelief is man's religion. I am glad to bring these statements to you because, you see, they give to you the permission of a scientist to have a religion. It is true there are certain limitations on that permission. You are not entitled to believe unless you study and learn and your religion must not be susceptible of refutation, "by the body of natural knowledge on which it is built." I should like to construe these limitations placed upon your license to believe in such manner as not to disagree with them but I am fearful that I cannot.

I AM sure that you should study and learn. I know that if you do your overbelief will be far more intelligent and more satisfying. It is one of the cardinal principles of the faith which I espouse that a man is saved, that is, exalted, no faster than he learns. I cannot, however, accept the implication of the doctrine that a man should know all things before he believes some things; that is, he may have no religious faith and conviction until he has acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the universe.

Revelation, after all, is the pro-

nouncement of ultimate truth. If it is given to a man to have faith in the authenticity of Divine statement, he may accept it with confidence that its verity will be vindicated, subject perhaps to possible errors of interpretation. The scientist himself will agree that even a theory may be logically maintained until there is definite proof available of its invalidity. Why then may we not continue to believe, so long as the major aspects of our faith find rather corroboration than refutation in the demonstrable facts of science?

These observations apply also to the implication of the second limitation on the right to believe, that is that no man's religion should be formulated except on the premises of accepted natural knowledge. Here the scientist fails to recognize the point at which most religious faith begins. Faith usually arises in advance of knowledge, stimulated it is true very often by tradition, early teachings and environment. Even assuming at this early stage of the development of religion that one's faith is little more than an hypothesis of life, a theory to be developed, what is the objection to the retention of that theory until subsequent knowledge and experience may substantiate or disprove it. Will it not be a useful skeleton on to which may come the flesh and tissue

of knowledge and experience? If the whole or any part of it becomes untenable, after it has been subjected to the test of maturity, of course it may be discarded. But if the initial belief shall ultimately be made to synchronize with the learning of after life, what an irreparable injury comes to one whose faith is sacrificed before his knowledge matures.

IT is said that a man seldom secures a philosophy of life until after he has passed the age of thirty. Perhaps I have been a bit premature in handing out to you this bit of philosophy. I thank you for your patience in reading it.

If you will take the counsel of one who loves science and reveres religion, permit me to admonish you: Never close your mind or your heart; ever keep them open to the reception of both knowledge and spiritual impressions. Both true science and true religion are the exponents of truth. Their fields are different, their provinces are distinct, but their purposes are identical—to enlighten man, to give him power, to make him good and bring him joy. Never abandon a time-tested thing of worth until you are very, very sure that the new is better. Be not ashamed of faith in God. It has been the incentive for the noblest things of life.

Sincerely your friend,

Stephen L. Richards

*A member of the Council
of Twelve*



*Photo by Lester J. Davenport
Grand Teton Peak*

HAVE you never read that in the last days all things shall be in commotion? We live in the predicted time of shaking, when every unstable structure shall totter, and only such as are established upon an eternal foundation shall stand. The things of God are not to be shaken even by the boom of man's heaviest artillery; they shall abide in spite of bomb and shell. But the works of human craft shall be shaken—not only so as to material structures, but likewise man's sophistries, erroneous theories, conjectures, philosophy, and such science as is falsely so called—James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve.

Beer Legislation and Prohibition Repeal as Relief Measures

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riches a country by stimulating production. The corollary: The consumption of luxuries is economically and ethically justified, being a means to increased wealth. Applied to the problem of this article, we find that this doctrine leads to "repeal" as a relief measure, not because prohibition fails as an economy program; but, rather, the rejection is more thorough-going—it is a rejection of economy programs as such. The way to recovery, this doctrine says, is not through economy, but through spending. Prosperity awaits an increase of spending.

Now obviously, so long as there is truth in the old maxim: "you can't eat your pie and continue to have it," there can be nothing but falsity in this "spend more" philosophy. Indeed, so absurd is the doctrine that one feels to apologize for troubling the reader with its refutation. The justification for the essay, however, lies in the fact that the doctrine, absurd though it is, is quite generally held—even among people who should know better! Candidly, the coming of a more wholesome economic order awaits the complete routing of this pseudo-wisdom from the popular mind. Unfortunately, the most powerful teachers of this age are propounders of "false-truths." I speak of the advertising agencies—the car card, billboard, magazine page, and radio. One writer has coined the term "magazine-economists"—a term which can be extended to apply not only to those superficial thinkers who supply articles to fill the pages of popular magazines, but also to those writers of radio-continuity and contrivers of illusive arguments to constitute full-page advertisements in magazines and newspapers. All these propagandists snatch, stupidly and with mercenary spirit, at a sound economic truth: the perfectly respectable doctrine of the functional relation between production and consumption. But this truth, like every other, is capable of becoming raw material for falsehood which when presented to the popular mind is all the more deadly because of its supposed respectable parentage.

THE radio announcer would have us believe that we are unemployed, or working at reduced wages part-time, because we quit spending. But we know that we quit spending because of our poverty. The representative in the legislature shouts at his fellow legislators: "You can't drink yourselves rich!" He is only laughed at for his pains. Throughout the state he is labeled "crank"—"dry." Moreover: "He is dealing in cheap argument. For isn't it a generally recognized law of economics, that *that* is just what you *can* do—drink yourselves rich? Isn't it quite generally admitted that prosperity awaits a quickening of trade? And doesn't trade await the opening of her channels through increased consumption? To your cups, ye paupers! Save yourselves!"

So long as our legislators, and others—including the people of the electorate—entrusted with guiding us safely through the moors of social life; so long as these people get their economics from radio announcers, just so long will our economic health be in jeopardy. We shall continue to wander in the wilderness, victims of the "blind leaders of the blind."

The wet forces have urged the "relief" character of their program on two counts: (a) liquor will awaken industry and trade; and (b) it will provide a new source of revenue. Consider the merits of these two promises!

(a) In defense of beer legislation we have become acquainted with a list of claimed advantages. (1) Legalization of the manufacture and sale of beer will afford employment for thousands. (2) It will furnish a market for farm and

factory products—barley, brewing equipment, bottles, and what not. (3) Incident to these demands will come a general stimulation of trade.

The cogency of this argument is due to a failure to see the other half of the picture. With eyes intent upon the flow of money from the beer business in the form of wages and prices paid for raw materials and services, people easily overlook that other flow—from the pockets of the consumers to the pockets of the producers of beer. And while the return of beer will mean increased payrolls, it will not, cannot, mean full dinner pails. If it fills the dinner pail of the worker it can do so only by taking from that of the school child. Every dollar paid out for labor, or commodities or service, by the beer industry must be more than balanced by money paid in for beer. Every one of these bills is paid, only by a diversion of the flow of money from the basic industries, and from the purchase of necessities and necessities, and educational and cultural "goods" of life. Aggravating this withdrawal of consumer's money from wholesome service is the heavy tax collected by the beer industry, in the form of profit. It is easy to forget that the nature of "profits" is such that this new business will take more money away from the consuming public than it will give out.

(b) Now as to the new source of revenue. Back in the dim dark beginnings of the history of taxation there was practiced an interesting method of tax collection—the "farming out" of taxes. Individuals were given contracts to collect taxes, whatever they could get, on a commission basis. The practice has long since been abandoned, in the main; and has the thorough condemnation of students of taxation theory. No system of taxation the net return from which to the government is so small in relation to the burden imposed upon the tax paying people can be justified. But the "farming out of taxes," as a wasteful and unethical procedure, has nothing on "a tax on beer"—or on any other commodity the manufacture of which is justified



Wind Piles Snow from the Fields in the Road in Salt Lake Valley

merely as providing a source of revenue. In fact, to establish a new industry for the purpose of obtaining more revenue is nothing short of a disguised "farming out" of the taxes. The beer industry as a means of revenue, while it carries its own opiate—tending to make the people "pay and like it," is none the less costly and destructive. Revenue which would cost the purchasing power of the people one dollar if collected as a direct tax, will, when collected through the beer industry, constitute a burden of many dollars—a burden still destructive though the people assume it willingly.

ECONOMICALLY, legalized beer is a benefit to two small minorities in our population: that small group of capitalists who are going to engage in its production, and thereby reap its profits; and that other, but in many ways identical, group of wealthy persons who by reason of the revenue derived through the beer tax will be enabled to escape the burden of higher income-tax rates. The great mass of the people, the people who are really suffering during this depression—say 80% of the people, have two added burdens thrust upon their shoulders: that of maintaining a useless and destructive industry, and that of carrying a greater portion of the costs of government.

Our admirable President has given us the principle in the light of which we should evaluate the legalization of beer, so far as its social and ethical aspects are concerned. This principle, he laid down as basic justification of the economy program, legalization for which he asked of Congress—and which legalization Congress promptly enacted. To act, he said on the occasion of that request, will affect some people adversely; not to act will affect all. When, in time of crisis, the interest of some conflicts with the interest of all we must sacrifice the few. In the matter of beer, we have recently witnessed the deliberate sacrifice of the interests, economic and moral, of the many for the economic interests of the few.

To those who read this article critically two warnings should be given. This is not intended as a justification of prohibition in its entirety. Such justification as can and should be given might be attempted elsewhere, or at another time. But the aim of this article is merely to expose the "economic relief" propaganda of the wet forces. In the second place, it is well to repeat that care must be taken lest one be deceived as to the effects of the beer industry. To those who define the depression in terms of closed factories, cold furnaces, standing cars, idle man-power; to those who con-

sider industry and business as ends in themselves; to those who are inclined to measure prosperity in terms of clearing house receipts; to all these, beer will probably appear as a deliverer. It will probably stimulate activity, utilize commodities, give employment to thousands. But to those who define the depression in terms of under-clad and under-nourished children, in terms of the curtailment of educational and cultural activities; to those who deplore it because of its costs in human values; to those who regard the supreme end for which industry exists as being the spiritual and physical welfare of the concrete flesh and blood human beings that make up our population; to these, there will appear in the wake of the beer legislation no element of aid, no ray of hope, but much that is dark and devastating.

Industrial prosperity is not necessarily a sign of human prosperity. It may even be accompanied by human destruction. Indeed, unless industry and business, the entire economic machine, is regulated and controlled to the end that it contribute to human well-being, it is quite prone to affect conditions inimical to human welfare. Judge for yourself the direction in which the beer legislation has tipped the industrial process. The case for prohibition repeal is not otherwise.

Forever or Never

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them crunch and tinkle under her feet."

He rose to go. She followed him to the gate. "Some day she will come to," she said, "and some day you will wake up."

CHAPTER THREE

THREE months of grinding work in the mailroom of the morning *Herald*. The first two weeks the whirr of the giant press grinding out papers roared in his ears so that he experienced difficulty in sleeping. The iceman would come and wake him, the doorbell would ring—his mother had the doorbell disconnected—peddlers would knock, and he would wake. He became surly, unfriendly, seemed to be angry all the time. He went to Church, to

Sunday School, even though he could hardly keep his eyes open. His Church came first with him; his religion was above everything—but he seemed to be the only one who knew it. No chance had been offered him to participate in any activity. He was getting rusty; he experienced difficulty in remembering texts in Sunday School Class; it was getting so that he had to study the lesson in order to understand it. He was slipping.

It was a Sunday evening that brought him face to face with the stark reality of earning a living. The Alders were just leaving for Church when the telephone jangled. Mrs. Alder answered and called John. It was the circulation manager, who said that somebody big had died and that there would be an extra out soon.

"I'm on my way to Church, I can't come," John explained.

A grunt in the earpiece, a rasping as a throat was cleared. Then: "John, you get down here pronto. If you are not here in ten minutes, I'll get somebody else for your job. I haven't time, or I'd tell you some more. You need telling, and none of your friends seem to have the intestinal fortitude to tell you, so you come to my office after this extra is out, and I'll tell you what should have been told you the day you got home from your mission." The phone clicked in his ear, and he turned slowly to face his mother.

"It's an extra," he told her. "If I'm not there in ten minutes, I'm fired. Let them fire me! My religion comes first with me."

"How about the rest of us?"

Mrs. Alder inquired. "We've got to eat. Jobs are few and far between. Dad hasn't been able to find another job, and Harry only makes forty dollars a month. We can't live on that. There is a lot more to religion than just going to Church.

AFTER the extra was on the street, John went to the office of the circulation manager. His boss looked especially belligerent with his shirt open at the throat, collar and tie gone, cuffs rolled up, shirt tail out on one side, huge pencil in his fingers. There was a tired look in his blue eyes. He motioned to a chair, stood up as John sat down, and pointed at him with the stubby pencil.

"Now listen, you!" His lips wrinkled in a snarl. "You goody-goody——! The manager choked, then recovered. "You are so stuck on yourself that you give me a pain! When you were in the mission field you made good as a missionary. How? By adapting yourself to conditions, by making friends of the people there. You are no longer a missionary. You have been released. You are home, and your chief thought should be to succeed. How? By adapting yourself to conditions, making friends among the people. You have been here three months, and you hardly speak to anyone in the pressroom or mailroom. They think you are a goody-goody, a sissy. Well, you are! You haven't an ounce of toleration in your system. You want to make the whole world holy and righteous, and that over night. Why, even the Master hasn't been able to do it in two thousand years: what makes you think you will live long enough to do it?"

"I recognized ability in you when I hired you. If you could make good in the mission field, you can make good here, but you must win the respect of people; you cannot demand respect. Life is a game, a gamble; you must play the game, and win fair and square. There are no marked cards in this game, and bluff will carry you along for only a short time. You must be able to deliver when you are called. Get next to yourself.

"You should be thinking about your future, a home, a wife, a baby, a secure job; not of your

past, living on your laurels: I was a District President. Well, who cares! There are thousands of men who have been something—the difficulty is *staying* something. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world. Don't look down on the sinner; associate with him, and by your example reform him. Don't notice his shortcomings, never comment on them, just BE a better man without *trying* to be, and he will pattern after you.

"But this holier-than-thou stuff won't work, not even in the mission field. For every fault a man has, he has a dozen good characteristics that more than make up for it. You are free, white, and twenty-three. You went on a mission, you stopped smoking, and I realize what a hold that can get on a fellow, for I once smoked; you stuck it out, and you believe and try to live your Gospel—you have character.

"It takes some longer to get readjusted than others, and once in a while there is one who goes through life disillusioned about everything because he closed his mind to realities. Now get this—a man's religion is not measured by a cigarette, nor his faith by a cup of coffee. That helps, one should not use such things; but learn to look at the heart. Don't be so narrow, so unfeeling, unfriendly, bigoted, intolerant. Accept your fellowmen as they are; try to get all the good out of them

that is in them, at the same time realize that you are not perfect, and probably never will be.

"Now, get out of my office!"

JOHN ALDER stumbled out of the Circulation Manager's office. His lungs felt cramped as he stood in the wet street, lifting his face to the fine drizzle that had started, and gulped in the freshened air. Feeling better, he went back to the mailroom.

It was true that he was no longer a missionary; but he believed in striving to live the Gospel, and to get others to live it. He was his brother's keeper, and he felt it was his duty to tell his brothers of their shortcomings. He wasn't living on his laurels, and outside of his own family he couldn't think of anybody who did care about his having been a District President. That was a bitter pill to swallow. For two and a half years he had done his best to show those back home that he could do right, could amount to something, could make good as a missionary, and no one seemed to know or care.

He stood at the foot of the stairs. The pressroom gang was sitting on the edge of the press pit, legs dangling over. He could hear their coarse, raucous laughter. Sam, the head pressman, was probably telling one of his dirty stories again; he was laughing louder than the rest. He turned his head, and a stream of tobacco juice streaked over toward a spittoon, missed, splashed on the floor. More laughter. They were probably kidding Sam for missing. No one thought to clean up the dirty mess.

The mailroom gang were stretched out on tables, some sleeping. Two were playing cards. A third joined them. Nickels and dimes started changing hands. All were smoking. One produced a bottle. It was soon emptied. John groaned. Did he have to work with such rif-raf? Was there no other job in the whole city he could have?

"Associate with these men," the circulation manager had said. "Win their respect," but how? By doing the things they were doing, better than they were doing them? Play cards with them? He did not want their respect. Yet how could he advance to a position over them if they did not respect him? That



Photo by LaVaun Merrill
On the Mediterranean

was a problem. It had taken him four months to find this meager job; he had to hold it? How? He shrugged his shoulders; his head hung down.

He went to a table against the wall, and sat down upon it. He was very lonely. No friendly smiles or greetings from those who looked at him. They nudged each other and snickered. How long could he stand it?

He had tried his best, was still trying, to live his religion, but every man's hand seemed to be against him. Shorty, the flyboy who took the papers from the big press, came over toward him, hesitated, looked back. John saw that all eyes were watching. Old Sam motioned. Shorty turned to him, took a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, lighted one and offered him another.

HE sensed the ridicule that would follow his refusal; but he drew himself up indignantly. He had refused tobacco and liquor several times each night he had worked on the *Herald*. His lips twisted in scorn; but a snicker from the pressroom gang stopped him. He looked at them, and felt their enmity, their dislike. He had been told to adapt himself to conditions. He smiled, reached out and took the cigarette.

"Thanks," he nodded.

Shorty gasped, his mouth fell open. Both pressroom and mail-room gangs were silent. What would he do with the cigarette? He slipped it into his pocket. Shorty recovered and spoke.

"W-want a light?"

"Thanks, Shorty. I don't want to smoke; never mind the light.

But thanks for offering it to me, anyhow. It shows your heart is in the right place."

"Oh—you're welcome!" Shorty fled back to the giant press, and toyed with the few papers still on the fly.

Old Sam came over presently.

"We're chippin' in to get some pies," he said. "Want to share with us? A dime each."

Sam had a handful of silver. John dropped a dime in the hand. Sam called the flyboy.

"Get apple, peach, pear, and one raisin. Now snap out of it." To John: "Help me spread some newprint on this table; we'll eat here."

It was the first time since his first night that he had been asked to eat pie with either gang. Were they baiting him?

(To be continued)

¶ The Bride of Sweden

return for fairy favors to the bride.

Meantime, while the bride is thus keeping to all the curious marriage traditions of her country, her attendants are arraying themselves joyously in their gayest garments. The groomsmen don knee-breeches and purple, red or green waistcoats glittering with double rows of brass buttons. The bridesmaids make themselves radiant in rose-patterned frocks and lace gay little bodices over young hearts fluttering with joyful anticipations. Then in high feather all hasten to join the dazzling rainbow wedding procession, not wishing to miss a single one of the merry rites of a Swedish bridal day.

The happy bride, punctual to the moment, is ready and waiting to follow her attendants to the parish church, and a bonny bride she is. Under her silver bridal crown her long, golden hair ripples in shining waves over her shoulders. Only by a bride who is a free-born and virtuous maiden, may the hair be worn loose and flowing down the back, according to the ancient custom in Sweden, England, and several other countries.

When the bride returns home after the wedding ceremony, her mother meets her at the door and puts a sweetmeat between her lips, in order that she may always be a "sweet-tongued" wife. This

pleasant symbolic little marriage custom must certainly have the absolute approval of every canny Swedish bridegroom.

LATER on when the ample, long-drawn-out wedding feast begins, comes the age-old rite of the drinking together of the bride and bridegroom. This rite forms a part of nuptial ceremonies almost everywhere in Europe, from Sweden to Italy, from Russia to Brittany. It is universally considered a symbolic strengthening of the union of the couple, and is believed to ensure a peaceful married life.

In Scandinavia, the bridal couple must drink from the same beaker, this being the gold or silver goblet which was presented earlier by the bridegroom to the bride and which was filled to the brim with coins, each wrapped in white tissue paper. These are now emptied out, and



Removal of roadside fences in Salt Lake Valley would save snow work.

the newly wedded pair are ready for the nuptial draft. In all probability, they will pledge each other in the honey-mead of the north countries. This is that historic brew concocted through all the ages by the Norsemen, which the Gods and heroes of Valhalla are said to drink with much gusto from the skulls of their enemies slain in battle. Honey-mead is reputed to be so delicious a cordial that Attila the Hun drank too much of it at his own wedding feast and died of the consequences. It is conjectured also that the honeymoon was originally the period of time during which honey-mead was dispensed by a bridal couple to their friends, who drank it as a toast to the bride.

God With Us

JULES LUTGE

WHEN we think of God as dwelling above we deliberately create for ourselves the difficulty of trying to think to a God beyond the reach of human consciousness.

When we think of God as dwelling above, we have the thought of praying to a God who retired from the world and interest in its affairs when he completed the creation of it.

When we think of God as dwelling above we must perforce conceive Him as a judge of our acts, rather than as a companion in our daily activities.

Let's think of Him as, God with us.

Continued from
page 475

Lights & Shadows on the Screen



Big Cage

An interesting exhibition of wild animal training, with thread of romance. Well directed; somewhat exciting. *Family.*

Big Drive

Vivid pictorial history of World War as recorded by cameramen of eight countries. Not entertainment, but vital history. *Adults and young adults.*

King of the Jungle

Unusual and impossible animal story told with vivid effect of reality. Exciting for children, but otherwise good for family.

Masquerader

Modernized adaptation of the old dramatic success in which two men, looking exactly alike, change places. *Adults and young people.*

Rasputin and the Empress

Grim tragedy of last days of the Imperial family of Russia, and the influence of the mad Rasputin upon them and the political life of Russia. *Adults.*

Scarlet River

Old western plot cleverly disguised. *Family.*

Secrets

Episodic story of an heiress who goes into the wild west with the man she loves and lives through years of scandal, politics, successful statesmanship and old age. *Family.*

White Sister

Beautifully executed story of the young girl, who, thinking her fiancé is killed in the war, takes her vows in a convent, only to have him return. The picture captures an unusual joyousness and religious sense, and is beautifully acted with appropriate musical effects and exquisite settings. Mature for children. Excellent for *Family.*

From Hell to Heaven

Unfortunate title for a fairly refreshing comedy showing cross sections of life against a racing background. Not for *Juniors.*

The Kid's Last Fight

Average picture with coarse and

Screen Reviews

FOR the benefit of Era readers, the magazine publishes a regular list of pictures which have been seen and rated by organizations having the opportunity of viewing the pictures early. There are twelve national organizations who preview and comment, making their selections on the basis of the moral, educational, dramatic and artistic values of films and their suitability for the entertainment needs of the family. As a rule the estimates are unanimous and point out entertainment values; ethical and social values; technical and artistic excellence. The committees reviewing consists of National Women's clubs and organizations, Parent-Teacher organizations, Church Councils, etc., and the contribution they are making in this field is notable. The reviews are used in the Era by permission.

vulgar background and doubtful moral effect. *Not for Children.*

A Lady's Profession

A fairly amusing farce depicting the attempt of an English family to revive their fading fortunes in America. Some doubtful scenes. *Adults only.*

Obey the Law

A picture emphasizing the negative phases of gangster politics. *Not for children.*

Pleasure Cruise

Amusing comedy with good acting. A few questionable bits. *Adults and young people.*

Strictly Personal

A trite story with some clever act-

ing. Nothing objectionable, but nothing particularly worthwhile. *Family.*

King Kong

Story of enormous captured ape, and experiences with it in New York. Technique interesting and unusual, and excellent sound effects. Will not appeal to all audiences, and children should be kept away.

State Trooper

Good melodrama of rivalry between two companies, and a trooper imperious to bribery. Fair, if one is not too critical upon coincidences upon which the plot depends. *Family.*

Christopher Strong

Not recommended on account of unethical story of loose relationships and a consequent suicide. Acting good, but story bad.

Murders in the Zoo

Mystery story, shocking to the nerves, and characterized by brutal and morbid realism and inexcusable gruesomeness.

Our Bidders

Unwholesome stage play of decadence and intrigue among Americans married into British aristocracy with nothing to recommend it except some good characterizations and clever lines.

When Strangers Marry

Melodramatic and boring story, wholly without merit, told in unconvincing terms.

Gabriel over the White House

Impressive interpretation of the change which comes over a professional politician, made President of the United States, when Gabriel, angel of Revelation, takes possession of him and points the way. *Family.*

Mussolini Speaks

Biography of great Italian dictator from childhood. Excellent opportunity for character study; fine travelogue. *Adults and young people.*

Oliver Twist

Dickens' story given faithful portrayal, with good photography, direction and characterizations; too grim and tragic for children. *Adults and young adults.* (Continued on page 496)

Melchizedek Priesthood

The Kingdom of God—An Adaptation

By LOFTER BJARNASON

IN the days of Jesus, the Jews were looking forward to the establishment of a new social and economic order in which righteousness would prevail and over which the God of their fathers would exercise a directing hand. From time immemorial their prophets had foretold the coming of such an organization. Its coming, however was conditioned upon their living individually and collectively in accordance with the moral and ethical code given to Moses by God amid the thunderings and lightning on Mount Sinai. This they had repeatedly failed to do although their idealism was far above that of most other nations of the world. The adversities they encountered and the calamities that fell upon them were interpreted as punishments from God for their sins, the greatest of which was that of internal strife and contention.

Although in the days of Jesus the chosen people were at peace with their neighbors, among themselves they were almost hopelessly divided. There were two major political parties: the one comprised those who favored the Roman rule, the other was made up of those who favored a revolution to establish their ancient independence. Much bitterness existed between the members of these two political parties. But more important for social solidarity would have been a unity in religion. However this too was lacking. Besides several small religious sects, there were three major groups, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes. Each of these was more concerned with advancing its own interest than furthering the welfare of the nation as a whole. Both rich and poor belonged to these groups. All suffered in varying degrees from the lack of social unity.

The poor, however, then, as always, suffered most intensely, and they, more than any others, longed for the blessed event of the coming of a national deliverer who would not only break the Roman yoke but who would establish a new order based on economic security and social righteousness. They looked forward to the ushering in of a kingdom characterized by peace, harmony, and good will. It was to be the kingdom of the long-looked for Messiah. When he came he would organize it and set it into operation. The people looked for it to come down from the heavens. It was to be a kingdom im-

HERE is a treatise on the important subject—The Kingdom of God—that is startlingly rich in its connotations; it is one that will thrill the hearts of you who are forever groping towards that kingdom and determined to surrender to it, heart and soul, when it is reached, or, in the language of the article, when "it grips you as the spirit of art grips the artist." Every member of the Priesthood should read this article and have their wives and daughters read it also.

posed upon them by the Divine. They did not think of it as something to be evolved from their personal and group experiences. They did not conceive it as a product of human agency and human activity. It was to be a kingdom given to them without any effort on their part. When it came it would be perfect in all its functioning; it would suppress all enemies, subdue all rebels, and settle all internal dissension. For the coming of this kingdom daily prayers were said and sacrifices were offered.

No one would question that the hope of seeing this divine kingdom established among men offered solace to thousands. The very prayers the people uttered gave them individually and collectively not only a sense of comfort and security but also an abiding faith that in the providence of God, restitution would ultimately be made for all their suffering. Prayers accompanied by such faith are conducive of real personal religious experiences; for, everyone who earnestly engages in such activity, acquires a confidence in himself and in the good found in others—the main avenue of God's manifestation of himself to man. Active seeking is the first step toward building the faith foundation to the kingdom of God. Without an abiding faith it does not exist.

The Jews made no mistake in praying for the establishment of God's kingdom on earth, nor in exercising faith that it would eventually be achieved. Their mistake, if any, was that of thinking of the kingdom as something entirely external to themselves, a political kingdom that would enforce obedience and exact loyalty through the exercise of physical force and authoritative compulsion. They

could not see, as many since have failed to see, that the kingdom of God is not founded upon the principle of compulsion through the use of external physical force.

In spite of this erroneous view of the kingdom of God, there were among the Jews many men and women whose lives were motivated by profound religious sentiment. No nation had so many prophets as the Israelites. Prophets do not thrive where no one pays attention to their messages. Without listeners there can be no spokesman. And so there were many persons among the Jews who had found God in His manifestations and who therefore developed a new motivation in harmony with their conception of God's will. It was the prophets who voiced to the people this God-inspired motivation of life's activities. The prophets were close observers of life; they were meditators; they repeatedly sought solitude, often in the wilderness, where they could commune with themselves and God undisturbed by the noise and glamor of the work-a-day world. After each such period of meditation, they emerged from their solitary retreats fired with a new message of individual and social salvation. Their faith amounted to a burning conviction because it was founded on personal religious experiences. Their teaching pricked the hearts of their listeners to the extent that many of them in turn sought religious experiences for themselves. In this way, the number of those who had personally discovered the greatest good, namely, a life motivated by faith in God and fellow man borne out of a personal religious experience, increased at least during periods when the prophets were most active, so that the nation as a whole was indeed deeply and sincerely religious. However, the sentiment fluctuated; at times the flame of faith burned brightly; at other times it merely smoldered.

Just prior to the coming of Jesus, this fine and genuine religious sentiment which at its height invariably caused the people to live nobly, had dwindled into a spiritless formalism and mere adulation of sacred symbols and ceremonies. To a large extent, the people had ceased to follow the precepts of the prophets and had become subservient to the priests and their rituals. They had also, as previously suggested, become divided into reli-

gious sects that haggled and quarreled over doctrine and dogma.

It was into this political, social and religious situation of His people that Jesus came with His message of "The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye." There was nothing strikingly original in this message. Down through the centuries the prophets had warned the people against the pagan notion of self-seeking, selfishness and vanity and had urged humbleness before the Lord and kindness toward fellow man; they had vigorously protested against seeking sensuous pleasures in place of social righteousness, of substituting sacrifices for genuine devotion to personal purity. But Jesus delivered his message as one having greater authority than any of his predecessors and it came at an opportune time; for the earnest and sincere had grown weary of the lack of unity in political and religious matters.

It is not easy to define definitely what Jesus considered the kingdom of God to be. The passages in which it is mentioned convey so many varying viewpoints that it is difficult to summarize them into a single concept. Of one characteristic feature we may be reasonably certain, and that is, that Jesus thought of the kingdom as an order, a society, a brotherhood founded on friendliness, mutual helpfulness and devotion to the welfare of all. It incorporated the family ideal of one for all and all for one with unwavering faith in God and fellow man as the source of motivation in personal and group conduct.

To acquire the new outlook on life, this holy motivation to action, it was necessary for the individual to be reborn spiritually, that is, to forsake all pagan notions of selfishness, envy, jealousy, avarice, greed and to cleave to the idealism expressed in the teachings of God's holy prophets. Not only was the candidate for membership to repent of personal sins but he was also to repent of (that is, sever) all allegiance to an economic and social order that was pagan in principle and ungodly in practice. The change involved much more than the substituting of one formula for another or one manner of worship for another; it was not something that could be memorized or performed; it was a radical inner change brought about by a personal experience with God.

The manner of acquiring membership in this kingdom has not changed; it is the same today as it was when Jesus first proclaimed it, a complete change of heart, a new motivation, a transformation of the individual, a definite adaptation. Some form of expressing this spiritual rebirth is essential. Consequently, baptism by immersion is the outward objective, or tangible symbolic expression of the awakening to a new life. But the real, vital and fundamental factor in the process is

the inner soul change of the individual. Let us illustrate by taking an example from the class room. A student may memorize mathematical formulas, he may actually solve mathematical problems and yet not acquire a mathematical mode of thinking. Every teacher recognizes the truth of this statement. The outward expression and performance and the inner transformation are by no means identical. Yet the teacher usually knows who of his students have achieved the real goal and who have not. A student who fails to use his knowledge of mathematics as an aid in interpreting his physical environment has not achieved the real goal. He has gone through the motions of learning this subject but he has failed to really learn; he has performed but he has not mastered; he has achieved mechanical results but he has not achieved intellectual enlightenment, or what educators are pleased to call, an adaptation. In like manner the person who would be a member of the kingdom of God must not merely believe and perform but he must make a spiritual adaptation. This enlightenment, this personal religious adaptation requires something more than mere compliance with ordinances, rituals and ceremonies valuable as these may be as aids in the process. It involves something more than joining the Church although the Church is the divinely established agency for furthering the interests of the individual in achieving the new life. The Church is the institution that binds the individuals together for group action. There can be no effective

group action without organization of some kind. Social solidarity of a religious nature is conditioned upon two things, namely, a unifying, imagination-gripping ideal and a social agency to further the accomplishment of the ideal. Men need the objective as well as the subjective to bind them together in bonds of brotherhood and friendliness. Consequently the Church is an indispensable institution. Yet it is not identical with the kingdom of God. The mission of the Church is to assist the individual in his endeavor to become a bona fide member of the kingdom of God. Again, the Church can help him to maintain his allegiance and loyalty to God and fellow man upon which his membership in the kingdom is predicated. In a larger sense, however, mere membership in the Church does not guarantee membership in God's kingdom. A man may be an ardent worker in the Church and a strict observer of all its ordinances and yet fail to make the spiritual adaptation necessary for membership in the kingdom of God.

In reality the kingdom of God is not something that you enter or that you can acquire; it is something that enters you, that takes possession of you, that grips you as the spirit of art grips the artist. When the kingdom of God enters a person it produces an inner transformation, a soul illumination that makes of the individual a new personality and gives him a new motivation to all his conduct. Henceforth he lives in "the newness of life" among his fellow men.

(To be concluded next month.)



NEW SOUTH WALES DISTRICT BASEBALL TEAM

Sitting (left to right): J. Cooper, cf; K. Rule, rf; C. Heuskel, 1B (Captain); W. Bailey, 2B (Manager); S. Denton, lf. Standing (left to right): C. Claxton; Elder Robinson, p; Pres. Tingey, c; Elder Allen, 3B; C. Turner. (Story on page 464.)

Ward Teacher's Message

July—The Sin of Adam

Prepared Under the Direction of the Presiding Bishopric

By OSCAR W. McCONKIE

References: Genesis 2:3; Talmage's "Jesus the Christ," pp. 18-20.

"THE woman * * * partook of the food that had been forbidden; as a result of which her body became degenerate and subject to death. Adam * * * followed her course, thus becoming her partner in bodily degeneracy. * * * The man and the woman had now become mortal; through indulgence in food unsuited to their nature and condition and * * * they became liable to the physical ailments and bodily frailties to which mankind has since been the natural heir."

Opinion is widely current, in circles outside the Church, that unchastity was Adam's sin. Aping disciples of

aberrant leaders confess that promiscuous sexual expression is supported by worthy precedent—the presiding patriarch of the race. Abecedarian learning proves otherwise, as casual reflection makes it plainly appear. Biblical reference itself recites that, before the first woman was created, God commanded the man not to partake of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. But the Lord did provide a helpmeet for Adam, "and brought her unto the man," to be "his wife," and they became "man and * * * wife." Subsequently the serpent came subtly, tempting the woman, who hearkened, partook of the fruit, and "gave also unto her husband," which act caused the Lord to say: "the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil."

To Adam's descendants the Lord gave command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and ecclesiastical law fixed capital punishment as the penalty therefor. Prophets and the public pol-

icy of all peoples have condemned the commerce, and by legislative enactment and judicial decree it has always been a high crime. It kills the finer instincts in the transgressor, causes a priceless something within him to die, and spurs him on to unholy and unnatural excesses.

Notwithstanding history, revelation, and the collective wisdom of the ages, evil purposes and words without learning continue to darken counsel by proclamation, in effect, that although God gave unto Adam a wife, and commanded them to multiply, that their association was adulterous, yet because of the act Adam became as God, knowing good and evil, but that as to Adam's children a different rule applied, as they, for like conduct, were slain. The teaching is without justification in learning or good morals and is as confusing as a sea full of waves. Let demonologists beware for "Who-soever accuseth God shall bear his sin."

Weekly Thoughts on Tithepaying for June

By DR. FRANKLIN MADSEN

Week of June 4:

The paying of tithing induces thrift and frugality.

Week of June 11:

Tithing is one of the roads that

leads to God and to lasting happiness.

Week of June 18:

The paying of tithing brings about a comradeship and associatship between divinity and man.

Week of June 25:

The paying of tithing is an index to general faithfulness for it implies that the individual has entered into an active cooperation with his Father in Heaven.

Elders, Seventies, High Priests—We are Looking for Achievement Stories

THIS page in *The Improvement Era* is designed especially for the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood. It is your page and we are desirous of having you use it for the good of all.

If you have undertaken some project and have carried it out successfully, we wish to know about it. For instance, we have heard that the Carbon Stake High Priests' Quorum have visited every member during the past winter and have become well acquainted with their problems and their spirits.

We'd like a story of that achievement. Provo Fifth Ward, Utah Stake, has recently adopted the plan of giving activity reports in the Gospel Doctrine Class in Sunday School as suggested on this page some time ago. We'd like to know if their plan is successful.

If there is any stake in the Church in which the quorums have established the four activity committees on a stake basis, we'd like to know what success they are having. If any quorum has carried out a plan for death or sickness

benefits, we'd like to publish their findings.

Brethren, will you not put your best efforts into your quorum work, do some constructive thinking and acting, and then let us have your story that it may help other quorums in the Church?

Remember, we are eager to hear from you. Make this page your page and as such the most interesting one in the magazine.—H. R. M.

Self-Help Sunday

LEROY C. FUNK, of Duchesne, has a suggestion for a special Gospel Doctrine Class. It comes as a result of an experience he had recently in the class when no lesson was outlined and the group talked about self-help. This suggestion has not been approved or suggested by any of the general authorities, and it is passed on merely as a suggestion of what some

wards do when they "have nothing to do." We quote Mr. Funk's letter:

"I am wondering if a 'self-help' Sunday * * * when all the meetings can be directed toward teaching folks to help themselves so that they may soon not require help would not be a desirable thing? I believe those who have learned can teach others the practices that made for their own success

in self-help. Outlines can be supplied and subject matter presented but in each community those who are modestly caring for their own needs could be asked to help others to care for their own needs by talks, demonstrations, etc.

"Folks must care for themselves and be independent if life is to be as happy as Mormons would have them be."

Seventies' and Elders' Activities in Alberta Stake

AT the Stake Conference held in Cardston in August, 1932, the members of the Seventies' Quorum and the members of the six Elders' Quorums

and their wives agreed to assist in maintaining a Missionary in the field. The Seventies have William C. Smith, Jr., and the Elders have Eldon Quinton,

both in the mission field. By united effort and each member contributing a small sum, these Elders are being assisted financially in their labors

Aaronic Priesthood

Fathers and Sons Join in Priesthood Activities

WHEN reports of a three-months activity campaign conducted by the Aaronic Priesthood of Ensign Stake among the eight wards were checked and tabulated it was discovered that Ensign Ward had won first place in all three divisions—Priests, Teachers and Deacons—and that three young men in one family headed the lists in their respective quorums. The boys are, Richard G., Briant G., and Heber G. Smith, sons of Willard R. and Florence Grant Smith and grandsons of President Heber J. Grant and also of the late President Joseph F. Smith.

Under a schedule of points awarded for all activities and assignments in their quorums Heber totaled 2020 points, Briant 1545 and Richard 1450.

Points were awarded as follows: Quorum meeting 30, Sacrament meeting 40, Sunday School, M. I. A. and Seminary 20 points each, filling quorum assignment 10, bringing lesson book to quorum meeting 5, bringing in a new member 50 and reviving an inactive member who had been absent more than a month 50 points.

Willard R. Smith, the father, is a member of the Stake High Council Aaronic Priesthood Committee, being chairman of the Teacher's division. There are eleven members of the Stake Committee which conducted the activity campaign. Prizes were awarded for the best record of activity among Priests, Teachers and Deacons in separate groups. Horace P. Beesley, Chairman of the Ensign Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee reported the details of the campaign and demonstrated its results at the Aaronic Priesthood Convention held Saturday, April 8th in connection with the General Conference of the Church. In the campaign every young man 12 to 20 was accounted for.

St. George Correlation Succeeds

ST. GEORGE STAKE has made an enviable record in the operation of the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation plan. From the reports which are made to the Presiding Bishopric promptly each month there is evidence of consistent, intelligent application of the principles of correlation. The April report shows that the number of young men whose names are in the two columns of the report that concern us most—"Between 12 and 20 and not Ordained" and "Not enrolled in any organization"—

are surprisingly few. Only 29 members are not enrolled in any organization and the list of those not ordained has been reduced to 16. In view of the fact that the total 12 to 20 in the stake is 458 this is a remarkable record. The April report shows 69 assigned for visits by the correlation committee, 44 visited and 18 induced to increase activity.

Effective Supervision Plan

AN effective plan of supervision of Deacons quorums, one that increases interest, activity and attendance, has been worked out by the Highland Park ward in Granite Stake. A record is kept of the weekly activities of every Deacon in each of the three quorums.

This record is kept before the members in such a manner as to induce good-natured rivalry for the best record of achievement. Points are scored for each activity according to its importance and at the end of the year every member of the quorum with the best record is presented with a printed certificate of honor, containing the names of all members of the quorum and the signatures of the Bishop and the quorum Supervisor. Many of the boys frame the certificates. The plan has proved very successful. Carl C. Burton is Bishop and Earl Jay Glade, Jr. Supervisor of Deacons.

Fight the Summer Slump

IF there is one time of the year when a member of the Aaronic Priesthood needs the supporting and strengthening influence of church associations, activity and influence it is in the summer when school is out, other organizations that exercise some degree of restraint are on vacation and a spirit of "freedom" is manifest. Every young man should have a vacation during the summer for his own good and benefit. At such times, especially if he is away from home he is entitled to a legitimate excuse from

his quorum duties. But vacations ordinarily last but a week or two at most. During the remainder of the summer period there is no legitimate reason why there should be any laxity in church duties. "Satan never takes a vacation" is a statement we used to hear frequently. It is certainly true. In the summer with resorts running full blast, amusement-seeking uppermost in the minds of many young people and temptations multiplied, evil influences are probably stronger than at any other time. Yet in some stakes and wards Priesthood activity is permitted to lag and in some cases to cease entirely. Substantial progress has been made in the past few years in the effort of the Presiding Bishopric to increase summer activity. Request has been made that all stakes and wards continue Priesthood quorum activity during the summer months and that consistent efforts be made to maintain contact with every member of the Aaronic Priesthood. Special social features should be arranged and quorum spirit and morale maintained in every way possible.

Is Your Stake Making Reports?

THERE still seems to be some misunderstanding regarding reports pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood. These are the reports required by the Presiding Bishopric:

1. A monthly report of Aaronic Priesthood quorum activities. This is in no way connected with the correlation committee report. A postcard form is provided for wards to report to the stake and a letter-sheet size report for the stake committee to report to the Presiding Bishopric. This ward report is to be made up by the Chairman of the Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee (or secretary if there is one) and sent to the Chairman of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee. The Stake Chairman in turn compiles the ward reports and sends his report to the Presiding Bishopric. The Ward and Stake Clerks are not responsible for these reports. They are made up by the Priesthood committees in the same manner as the M. I. A. or Sunday Schools make independent reports to their own organization heads.

2. A monthly report of Aaronic Priesthood Correlation activities. This is entirely separate from and independent of the quorum activity report. It is to be prepared by the Ward Clerks for the Ward committees and by the Stake Clerks for the Stake committees unless assistant secretaries are appointed



"Long-eared" Limousine

for this special work as had been done in some cases. This report concerns the activities of the correlation work among members of the Aaronic Priesthood in their quorums, the Sunday School, M. I. A. and Seminary. It grows out of the activity of the correlation committee as reported at the monthly correlation meeting. The Clerk should have a record of every member of the Aaronic Priesthood and the organizations in which he is active. From this record most of the report is compiled. At the correlation meeting reports are made on the "number assigned for visits," "number actually visited" and "number induced to increase activity." With this information the report is easily made up. The Ward Clerk sends his report to the Stake Clerk who compiles the ward reports and sends his report to the Presiding Bishopric. The Ward report should be made immediately after the meeting of the ward correlation committee and the Stake report immediately after the Stake correlation meeting. If there is any misunderstanding request should be made of the Presiding Bishopric for information.

Stake Activities

Pioneer Stake issues a Monthly Aaronic Priesthood bulletin containing suggestions to Stake and Ward Supervisors. Every detail of the responsibility of Supervisors is taken up in proper order. In all Ward Conferences held early this year a separate session was conducted for Aaronic Priesthood officers and members.

Millard Stake has conducted a survey of all young men 12 to 20. A special blank was provided calling for a complete check on the history, Church activities, habits, family and home conditions, records of parents, leisure time activities, etc. It also provides space for reporting assignments to visit the young man and a record of results of the visits.

Grant Stake publishes a small four-page printed bulletin called "The Boy's Circle." The first issue contained a statement of the objectives of the Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Committees of the Stake. An explanation of the Correlation plan and a complete directory of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Committees.

Maricopa Stake checks on the reasons for inactiv-

ity among members of the Aaronic Priesthood in a very effective manner. Headings under which reasons for non-attendance are listed include negligence, indifference, offended, family conditions, tea, coffee, tobacco, liquor, physical condition, school, employment, living at a distance, etc. In a recent report negligence and indifference headed the list with family conditions second, and employment third as causes of inactivity in church work.

Malad Stake has carried on one of the most consistent correlation campaigns of any of the stakes as shown by the reports received at the Presiding Bishop's Office. A monthly bulletin follows closely the form adopted by the Presiding Bishopric, showing each month its comparative rating among the wards of the Stake. Practically every month has shown some unusual and interesting development in the correlation work.

Los Angeles Stake campaign to "get the boy out of the red" which is similar to that of Idaho Falls Stake has proven very successful. A special card is provided with a marking code which enables the committee to keep a "running inventory" of each member's activity. A stake report accompanies the card as a part of the plan keeping each ward informed of the activity in all wards of the stake.

Yellowstone Stake recently submitted to the Presiding Bishopric a questionnaire form covering activities of the Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Groups. While many prob-

lems have been encountered, substantial progress has been made and the report states that all activities will be fully organized and functioning in the near future.

Liberty Branch Priesthood Has Thrilling Excursion

FROM Dimon Stewart of Gridley, California, comes an unusual report of an Aaronic Priesthood outing. This is the report in his own words:

"We have a fine quorum of Deacons in this liberty Branch of Sacramento—Gridley District. They are in full co-operation with the Branch Presidency and are more than willing to do what is required of them.

Recently they enjoyed an all-day hike and party on Feather River. During the day they saw a man spear a large salmon which got away from him. It came by the boys, mortally wounded. As it came close two of the boys dove in and landed the fish which was about three feet long. I hardly think they will forget that experience very soon."

South Sanpete Aaronic Priesthood Activity

INDICATIONS of the activity of the Aaronic Priesthood of South Sanpete Stake are given in a bulletin sent out by Chairman James W. Blain of the Stake Committee. The bulletin makes definite suggestions to Supervisors as follows:

This work devolves upon the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of which you are a member.

1st. Lend encouragement and support to the Ward Correlation Committee.

2nd. See that all boys of Aaronic Priesthood age are properly ordained or advanced in the Priesthood.

3rd. See that the monthly Genealogy lessons as outlined in the lesson books carry over.

4th. The lesson plan provides for a "Book of Remembrance." This book should be taken up in earnest. The quorum supervisor should work out his book along with his class.

5th. The first page in the book is for the boy's Patriarchal Blessing. Patriarch Arthur O. Nielsen has expressed his willingness to assist in this work. Begin now.

We shall give you an opportunity to report your success at Priesthood meeting.

HIGHLAND PARK WARD Certificate of Honor for 1932

PRESENTED TO

The First Quorum of Deacons in acknowledgment
of the most outstanding record of
activity assignments filled.



FIRST QUORUM OF DEACONS

RICHARD GLADE, President
RICHARD MCKEAN, First Counselor
VICTOR DAVIS, Second Counselor
LEGRANDE BUMA, Secretary

RAY WALTON
VERNON HARPER
FORD URE
NEFF TAYLOR

OSCAR BOOTH
JAY CURTIS
HAROLD BUMA
JIMMY MADSEN

LA VAR REESE

Carl E. Burt
Bispe
Carl J. Glade, Jr.
Superintendent of Deacons

Certificate awarded annually to leading quorum of Deacons.

Letter Tells Story of Remarkable Achievement

PRESIDING Bishop's Office.

Dear Brethren:

You have asked for reports of special activities of the Aaronic Priesthood so I am reporting last Sunday's program as follows:

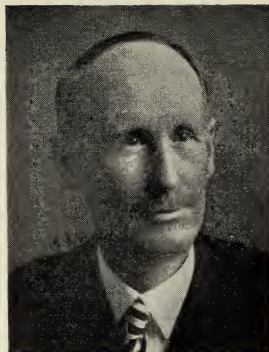
1. Conducting program—A Priest.
2. Singing—Congregation.
3. Opening prayer—A Priest.
4. Singing—Congregation.
5. Scripture reading—A Deacon.
6. Sacrament administered by two Priests and passed by four Deacons.
7. Introduction to Theme—A Priest.
8. Reading of Section 89 of Doc. and Cov.—A Teacher.
9. Relating story of Dr. Creed Haymond—A Teacher.
10. Clarinet solo—A Teacher.
11. Evils of Tobacco—A Priest.
12. Harmonica solo—A Deacon.
13. Prohibition Facts—A Priest.
14. Boys chorus—Eleven Priests and Teachers.
15. Remarks by Bishop.
16. Closing song and Benediction—A Teacher.

There were 7 Priests, 5 Teachers and 6 Deacons, total 18, took part on the program. It was brought to our attention that in this community \$2100.00 is spent for Tobacco, \$800.00 for Coffee and \$400.00 for Tea, a total of \$3300.00 annually. This amount would pay off our School or Village Bond. It would more than pay the cost of our Grade or High School. It would buy 118 tons of flour or a Milch Cow for every family in town. It amounts to about \$9.00 per capita. About 50% keep the Word of Wisdom and save that amount while those who break it pay double that or \$18.00 per capita. Figuring the Church membership at 750,000 on the same basis the Word of Wisdom is saving the Church annually \$6,750,000.00.

We have in our Ward between the ages of 12 and 20, 13 Priests, 10 Teachers and 13 Deacons. All keep the Word of Wisdom and all Priests and Teachers are doing Ward Teaching, and have done so over two years. They go in pairs.

Your Brother,

John Schwendiman.
Newdale Ward, Fremont Stake.



Jonathan G. Kimball

An M.I.A. Team of Long Ago

NOT long since Elder J. Golden Kimball, the well-beloved humorist of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy, received a letter in rhyme from Mrs. Nancy E. Pugmire, of St. Charles, Idaho, in which Mrs. Pugmire reviewed some of their mutual experiences. The letter had so much in it of early Bear Lake history and was so revealing that we asked permission to publish it.

Elder Kimball was for thirty years a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., but before that time he had learned his mutuals by being superintendent of the mutuals of Bear Lake Stake when that stake "was a stake" in extent.

Mrs. Pugmire is the widow of a man, who died while filling a mission to the Southern States many years ago. She, however, carried on serving her family and her Church with ability. She has had three sons fill missions and has encouraged them in the field of education. Two of them have become well known doctors. Mrs. Pugmire is now about 78 years of age, according to Elder Kimball, who was judging somewhat by his own age. It is said, however, that a woman is not so touchy about her age after she is seventy-five, therefore, we're making the guess as the ages of this M. I. A. team make for interest in this tender rhymed story:

St. Charles, Idaho,
Jan. 12, 1933.

"Dear Friend Golden:

"This morning I'm thinking of the past

When you and I were young,
And thinking of the Mutual work
When here 'twas first begun;
How we joined work in Bear Lake Stake—

You President of young men,

Lights and Shadows on the Screen

Continued from
Page 490

Soldiers of the Storm

Melodrama featuring the border air patrol. Good moments, pleasant romance. *Adults and young people.*

Sweepings

Excellent story of Chicago merchant, building his business and hopes for his children who fail him because of the wealth he has given them.

Jewish partner of the merchant takes his place as one of the outstanding characters in the play. *Adults and young people.*

Under the Tonto Rim

Ingenuous plot that holds interest throughout, for those who like pictures with western atmosphere. *Family.*

M Men Court Crown Moves to Coast

Continued from
page 477

At the conclusion of the tournament newspaper men and officials selected the seventh annual M. I. A. honor teams as follows:

FIRST TEAM

Tiano, Poplar Grove and Lund, Glendale, forwards. Campbell, Wasatch, center. Turnquist, Ogden Eighth and Slater, Glendale, guards.

SECOND TEAM

Weaver, Bennington and Lind-

say, Sunnyside, forwards; Startin, Poplar Grove, center; Cameron, Wasatch and Hartman, Poplar Grove, guards.

At the conclusion of the championship series, individual awards for the champions and runners-up were presented by Elder Richard R. Lyman of the general superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. He also presented the *Deseret News* team awards, a plaque to the Glendale team and banners to each regional winner.

Report of Accomplishments during March



Nancy E. Pugmire

While I was President of the girls—
It seems so long since then.

"How oft we traveled through the snow

With robes to keep us warm,
Oft driving our old poky team,
We never met with harm.

From Woodruff at the extreme south,
And north at Soda Springs,
It took us days to make the trip,
For then we had no wings.

"But we were happy in our work,
And old men often say,
I wish that Golden would come up
And preach to us some day.
For he was full of good will cheer
And often made us smile,
But plainly told us what was wrong.
In him there was no guile.

"Your words of truth will never die
In this far northern clime;
You've planted seeds of Gospel truth
That will live for all time.

The young folks then, have now
grown old,

They still retain the truth,
Of many things you said to them
While they were in their youth.

"So come and see us when you can,
 You'll find a welcome here,
 That will make you forget you're old
 And fill your heart with cheer.
 We'll talk of good times now gone by
 And blessings yet to come—
 His children, God will not forsake,
 But bless us every one.

—Mrs. Nancy E. Pugmire."

You'll find that, "what do you know?" is something more than a social greeting phrase in the business world.

You have to do a good job of doing what you are told to do in business before you get a chance to tell others what to do.

Just holding a job isn't so difficult. It's doing that and studying the job ahead so as to be ready for promotion, that calls for real application.—*Jules Lutge.*

	No. of Wards in Stake	No. Reporting	No. whose average attendance is 3/8 or more than their constituents	No. of Wards having no social and athletic activities to date	Gleaner Girls who have taken part in the Treasures of Truth Book	No. of Wards having been successful in conducting the Adult Projects	No. of Wards having held contests during year for contest drama	No. of Wards participating in Music Festival	No. of Wards who organized groups for Operetta	No. of Wards who created new plays	No. of Wards holding joint session for March program	No. having used Fra
	Y M L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y	M Y L Y
Alberta	12	6	8	1	6	4	5	24				
Baino	9	7	5		5	5	29					
Bannock	11	9	6	1	4	4	3	20				
Bear Lake	9	8	11	3	7	10	43					
Bear River	12	10	14	4	6	6	33					
Beaver	12	6	10	4	3	3	2	5				
Benson	14	6	13	2	11	6	12	52				
Blaine	11		6									
Box Elder	13		13		10		4	58				
Burley	12	7	7	3	11	12	51					
Cache	14	5	3	11	6	6	8	4				
Carbon	14	5	3	11	6	6	8	4				
Cassia	14	5	3	11	6	6	8	4				
Cottonwood	10	7	5	6	1	2	4	26				
Curlwee	10	7	5	6	1	2	4	3				
Deseret	11							27				
Egan Jordan	11		7	11	4	8	5	3				
Emery	11		8		4	8	5	35				
Franklin	11	6	10	5	9	9	50	57				
Fremont	11	6	10	5	9	9	50	57				
Garfield	8	6				14	7	3				
Grant	14	3	13	2	10	11	133	55				
Hollywood	8	12	6		7	9	2	3				
Hyrum	10	8	12	6			3	95				
Idaho Falls	14	10	4	2	2	2	2	10				
Jacob	5	4	5		3	4	3	45				
Juarez	5				3	4	5	4				
Kanab	7	6			3	3	5	5				
Kelso	7	6			3	3	5	5				
Lehi	11	5		2	3	3	5	4				
Lethbridge	6	6		2	3	3	5	4				
Ogden	11	10			6	5		7				
Los Angeles	12	6	12	5	7	6	5	48				
Lyman	10	7				1	6	22				
Malad	10	10	8	6	4	8	7	55				
Maricopa	10	10	8	6	4	8	7	55				
Millard	10	10	8	6	4	8	7	55				
Minutka	10	10	8	6	4	8	7	55				
Moapa	9	7	7		5	5	5	25				
Montpelier	13	9	11	3	7	5	10	41				
Morgan	8	7	5	1	2	2	4	19				
Moreno	8	5	5	1	2	2	4	19				
Mr. Ogden	8	5	5	1	2	2	4	19				
Nevada	10	7	7		5	5	6	10				
North Davis	7	4	6	1	1	6	2	6				
North Sanpete	6	6	6	1	1	6	2	6				
North Sevier	7	4	6	1	1	6	2	6				
North Weber	14	10	13	2	6	7	8	38				
Ogden	12	12	10	3			4	21				
Omeida	6	4	6	2	4	4	2	1				
Quintr	12	6	4	6	2	4	4	2				
Quintr	12	6	4	6	2	4	4	2				
Palmyra	9	7	7		6	6	5	7				
Pauchich	9	7	7		6	6	5	7				
Parowan	11	11	6	7		6	6	4				
Pioneer	11	11	6	7		6	6	4				
Pocahontas	11	11	6	7		6	6	4				
Portneuf	8	3	4	1	1	3	1	4				
Raft River	4	4	3	1	1	3	1	4				
Richt	13	7	4	3	1	1	2	16				
Roosevelt	11	2	2	1	3	2	12					
Salt Lake	13	11	7	10	4	5	11	35				
San Francisco	9	8	5	2	3	3	13	3				
San Juan	8	8	5	2	5	5	7	37				
Sevier	8	8	5	2	5	5	7	37				
Shelley	8	8	5	2	5	5	7	37				
Sharon	10	5	6	1	1	6	3	4				
Snodgrass	10	5	6	1	1	6	3	4				
South Davis	8	5	7	1	4	3	5	31				
South Sanpete	8	5	7	1	4	3	5	31				
South Sevier	8	5	7	1	4	3	5	31				
Star Valley	11	9		4	6		6	30				
St. George	5		2				1	18				
St. Johns	5		2				1	18				
Summit	14	6	8	2	5	4	5	28				
Taylor	7	3			1	6	7	35				
Teton	6	5	6		2	6	7	3				
Timpanogous	11	5	6		2	6	7	3				
Tooele	11	5	6		2	6	7	3				
Twin Falls	4	6	3	3	2	2	4	1				
Utah	9	8	9	4	5	7	9	31				
Wasatch	9	8	9	4	5	7	9	31				
West Jordan	4	5	3	1	3	4	2	23				
Woodruff	12	10	14	4	6	6	3	33				
Yellowstone	12	10	14	4	6	6	3	33				
Calif. Mission	12	35	32	25	6	7	22	102				
Can. Mission	9		8					2				
North. States	12	6	8	3	6	8	8	9				
N. W. States	16	3	3	6	7	2	58	2				
North. Mission	16	3	3	6	7	2	58	2				

M. I. A. Slogans

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Ps. 20:5.

- 1914-15—*We Stand for a Sacred Sabbath and a Weekly Half Holiday.*
 1915-16—*We Stand for a Weekly Home Evening.*
 1916-17—*We Stand for State and Nation-wide Prohibition.*
 1917-18—*We Stand for Thrift and Economy.*
 1918-19—*We Stand for Service to God and Country.*
 1919-20—*We Stand for Spiritual Growth Through Attendance at Sacrament Meetings.*
 1920-21—*We Stand for the Non-use and Non-sale of Tobacco.*
 1921-22—*We Stand for Loyal Citizenship.*
 1922-23—*We Stand for a Pure Life Through Clean Thought and Action.*
 1923-24—*We Stand for Divine Guidance Through Individual and Family Prayer.*
 1924-25—*We Stand for the Commandment: Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.*
 1925-26—*We Stand for an Individual Testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.*
 1926-27—*We Stand for a Testimony of the Divine Mission of Joseph Smith.*
 1927-28—*We Stand for a Fuller Knowledge of the Book of Mormon and a Testimony of its Divine Origin.*
 1928-29—*We Stand for Law: For the People Who Live It; and the Officers Who Enforce It.*
 1929-30—*We Stand for the Preservation of Our Heritage Through Obedience to Law.*
 1930-31—*We Stand for Loyal Adherence to Latter-day Saint Ideals.*
 1931-32—*We Stand for Physical, Mental and Spiritual Health Through Observance of the Word of Wisdom.*
 1932-33—*We Stand for Enrichment of Life Through Constructive Use of Leisure and Personal Service to Fellow Man.*
1933-34—Inspired by the Refining Influences of Mormonism We Will Develop the Gifts Within Us.



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD E. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

National Council of Women

Week of July 16-23, 1933

UTAH women are expecting to be well represented at the International Congress on "Our Common Cause—Civilization," which will be held under the auspices of the National Council of Women at the Palmer House, Chicago, July 16th. Every announcement from Council headquarters makes it increasingly evident that the sessions will be not only thought-provoking but productive of far-reaching results. For this is a Congress of action, not merely discussion and those who attend will discover the part women ought to play in the upbuilding of modern civilization.

Some of the challenging topics to be discussed are "The Economic Collapse," "The Philosophy of a New Day," "When Nations Cooperate," "A New Concept of Government," "A Creative Citizenship," "The Goose Step of Commercial Recreation," "The War Bracket" and "What Price Disorder?" Included among two score or more of brilliant speakers are Dame Rachel Crowley of England, Baroness Ishimoto of Japan a distinguished Chinese feminist; Mary R. Beard, the historian; Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, industrial engineer; Jane Addams, leader in the peace movement; Prof. Paul Douglas, Prof. Hazel Kyrk and Prof. Mollie Ray Carroll, economists; and Mr. Anderson and Grace Abbott, heads of government bureaus.

Picturesque and colorful will be the session at which delegations from the leading women's colleges mass on the platform and their representatives discuss civilization through the eyes of youth and the evening meeting at which a Fascist, a Communist and a citizen of the United States outline the degrees to which their respective governments guarantee economic security.

Registration for the Congress will be \$3.00, entitling the registrant to admission to all general meetings and round tables. Excellent rates have been obtained at the headquarters hotel, the Palmer House. Single room with

WE, the Mutual Improvement workers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, have always stood and will continue to stand for the non-use of intoxicating beverages. No matter what others may do with reference to our national prohibition laws, we are resolved to do our utmost to support those laws and resist their repeal.

bath will be \$3.50; double room with bath, \$3.00; three in a room, \$2.50 each, and four in a room, \$2.00 each. Reduced travel rates have been secured from all transportation lines converging at Chicago. For rail information write Mrs. William Gary Brown, Room 1324, 105 West Adams Street, Chicago; for airplane rates, Miss Ruth Nichols, the Dover, 687 Lexington Avenue, New York City; for steamship rates, Mrs. Julius Freeman, Charles and Fayette Streets, Baltimore, Md.

THE EXHIBIT

A mecca for feminine visitors to the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition this summer will be the exhibit of



Photo by Waunetta Peterson
Giant Californian

the National Council of Women in the Hall of Social Sciences. Here the sum total of the achievements of the 31 great women's organizations making up the Council will be recorded in handsomely bound volumes.

A 60-foot mural by Hildreth Meiere of New York will constitute the background. Appropriately this will depict, in a striking series of episodes, the major factors which brought about women's emancipation from the drudgery of the home. They include the opening up of educational opportunities to women, the temperance crusade, abolition activities, the founding of the American Red Cross, the beginning of the suffrage movement, the club movement, the final suffrage campaign, the entrance of women into business and work for peace. A narrow band below the main canvas portrays, on smaller scale, 20 authentic incidents and the figures of 30 historic women who played an outstanding role in the woman movement.

But perhaps the chief interest for all visitors will center about the historic mementos of famous women and events which will be exhibited. Among these the Council hopes to display the original copy of the suffrage amendment, the red shawl which Susan Anthony wore so frequently to suffrage gatherings that reporters finally refused to report her speeches unless she had it on; the inkwell Harriet Beecher Stowe used when she was writing Uncle Tom's Cabin, Frances E. Willard's mitts, which were almost as familiar to her audiences as was Miss Anthony's shawl to suffrage enthusiasts, and many others similarly interesting.

Miss Virginia Hamill of New York City, who has conducted some of the largest expositions of modern decorative art ever held in this country, designed and installed the Council exhibit, so that it is an "all-feminine" creation.

It is suggested that members of the Y. L. M. I. A. who are planning to visit the fair will arrange the time of their trip to coincide with the National Council Week.

Program for June Conference

Salt Lake City, June 9, 10, 11, 1933

General Session

FRIDAY, JUNE 9—9:00 to 10:30
ASSEMBLY HALL

1. Music.
2. Prayer.
3. Music.
4. Greetings—By General Superintendent George Albert Smith and General President Ruth May Fox
5. "Looking ahead with the Improvement Era"
Asst. General Supt. M. J. Ballard
6. Message to M. I. A. workers—Prest. Heber J. Grant
7. Music.
8. Introduction of M. I. A. slogan for 1933-1934—
"Inspired by the refining influences of 'Mormonism,' we will develop the gifts within us."
Asst. Supt. Richard R. Lyman
9. Music.
10. Benediction.

Department Sessions

FRIDAY, JUNE 9—10:45-12:00

Theme: The new slogan applied to the work of the departments of the M. I. A.

1. Executives, Secretaries, Music Directors and Community Activity Committees:
General Discussion: "The Slogan applied to the M. I. A. Program."
2. Era and Publicity:
 1. "The Mission of the Improvement Era"
Asst. Gen. Supt. M. J. Ballard
 2. Graphic Exposition: "The Improvement Era—A Refining Influence"
Professor Harrison R. Merrill and Elsie Talmage Brandley
3. Adult Department: Axel A. Madsen and Emily H. Higgs, Presiding:
 - a. The Refining Influences of Mormonism—
Mrs. Elsie Chamberlain Carroll
 - b. The Use of Odd Moments in Developing Our Gifts—
Dr. Jos. F. Merrill
 - c. Fitting the Slogan into the Work of the Adult Department—
Claire P. Dorius
 - d. Discussion—
Led by Dr. Franklin S. Harris
4. Senior Department:
 - a. Mental and Social Gifts of "Mormonism"—
Lewis T. Cannon
 - b. Moral and Spiritual Gifts of "Mormonism"—
Rose W. Bennett
 - c. Discussion—
Led by Dr. E. E. Erickson
5. M Men—Gleaner Department: Herbert B. Maw and Margaret N. Wells, Chairmen:
 - a. Presentation of 1933-34 Joint Program—Personality—
Katie C. Jensen
 - b. Our Slogan: "Inspired by the Refining Influences of 'Mormonism,' We Will Develop the Gifts Within Us"
Discussion led by Oscar W. Carlson
6. Junior and Bee-Hive Departments: Grace C. Neslen and Sarah R. Cannon, Presiding:
 - a. Song of Joy.
 - b. Prayer.
 - c. Song: "Call of Womanhood."
 - d. Dramatization: Bee-Hive Girls of Grant Stake: Through the Refining Influence of Bee-Hive Work, I Will Develop the Talents Within Me.
 - e. Developing the Gifts Within Us—
Mrs. A. L. Stenborg

f. "Refining Influences of Mormonism"
Mrs. J. T. Hammond, Jr., Liberty Stake

- j. Prayer.
7. Vanguard and Scout Departments: John D. Giles D. E. Hammond, Presiding:
 - a. "Applying the Slogan to the Scout and Vanguard Departments"
Dr. George R. Hill, Jr., Gen. Board
 - Discussion.
 - Report of Finding
W. Owen Woodruff, Gen. Board
 - b. "Correlation of the Church Program to the National 10 Year Program of Growth"
Preston W. Pond, Scout Ex., Cache Valley Coun.
 - Discussion.

Grand Finals Church-wide Contests

FRIDAY, JUNE 9—1:00-4:00

1. M Men Public Speaking and Operetta—
Bryant Junior High School
(747 East 1st South)
2. Gleaner Girls Public Speaking and Drama—
21st Ward Recreation Hall
(1st Ave. and K Street)
3. Vanguards—Archery—
L. D. S. Campus

Saltair Reception and Grand Finals in Dance Contest

FRIDAY, JUNE 9—EVENING

Special M. I. A. train leaves Saltair depot,
4th West and 1st South, at 4:30 P. M.

- 5:00-6:00 Reception and Luncheon.
6:00-7:00 Finals in Original Dance Contest.
7:00-8:00 Finals in Gold and Green Fox Trot Contest.
8:00-11:00 General Dancing.
Note: During the General Dancing, special opportunity will be provided when all who desire may dance this year's Contest Dance.

General Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—9:00-9:45

ASSEMBLY HALL

- General Superintendency and Presidency of M. I. A.,
Presiding:
1. Singing of M. I. A. songs.
 2. Prayer.
 3. Address—"Wanted: Leaders of Youth"
Oscar A. Kirkham

Department Sessions

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—10:00-12:00

ASSEMBLY HALL

1. Executive Officers: General Superintendency and Presidency Presiding:
 - a. The Summer Program and the Special Leadership Training Course.
 - b. Our Magazine
George Q. Morris, Rachel Grant Taylor
 - c. Our New Literature and New Features in Our General Program.
 - d. Stake Conventions and Institutes.
 - e. Round-Table.

2. *Era and Publicity: George Q. Morris and Rachel Grant Taylor Presiding:*
a. "As a Stake Director sees the *Era* Campaign."
S. H. Hanks

Director of *Era* and Publicity, Hollywood Stake
Discussion.

- b. "Applying Salesmanship to the *Era* Campaign"
John D. Giles

Mem. *Era* and Pub. Committee
Discussion.

- c. The *Era* Campaign for 1933-34. Geo. Q. Morris
Chairman *Era* and Publicity Committee

Discussion.
d. Field Problems Rachel G. Taylor
Chairman *Era* and Publicity Committee

- e. Publicity Opportunities. Prof. Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor of the *Improvement Era* and
Professor of Journalism, B. Y. U.

3. *Music Directors: J. Spencer Cornwall, Evangeline T. Beesley, Presiding:*

- a. Music—Ladies' Chorus, 18th Ward
Albert J. Southwick, Director

- b. Instructions to Chorists.
c. The Music Program for 1933-34.
d. The Appreciation Course.

4. *Community Activity Leaders: Oscar A. Kirkham, Clarissa A. Beesley, Presiding:*

- a. The Activity and Contest Program for Next
Year W. O. Robinson

- b. The Church-Wide Recreation Project
Elsie T. Brandley

- c. Report and Suggestions on Methods Used in the
Activity Program—Discussion and Summary.
Oscar A. Kirkham

Special music number will be furnished by the
M. I. A. Music Directors

5. *Adult Department: Axel A. Madsen and Emily H. Higgs, Presiding:*

- a. The New Manual and How to Use It.
Guy C. Wilson

- b. Keeping Abreast of the Adult Education Move-
ment Dr. John L. Nuttall

- c. "Life Begins at Forty" Elsie T. Brandley

- d. Balanced Living Dr. Adam S. Bennion

- e. How We Succeeded Last Season
Reports from Adult Stake and Ward Leaders

- f. A Glimpse of Our New Program
Members of Adult Committee of General Board

6. *Senior Department: Chairmen E. E. Ericksen and Ann M. Cannon, Presiding:*

- a. The Manual for 1933-34:
1. Content Prof. Harrison R. Merrill
Discussion.

2. Method Dr. Lyman R. Daines
Discussion.

- b. Activities for Senior Classes:
1. Stake Charlotte Stewart
Discussion.

2. Ward Ann M. Cannon
Discussion.

M Men-Gleaner Joint Department: Herbert B. Maw and
Margaret N. Wells, Chairmen.

Presentation of 1933-34 Joint Program—"Personality."
Katie C. Jensen

Our Slogan: "Inspired by the refining influence of Mor-
monism, we will develop the gifts within us," one hour
discussion led by Oscar W. Carlson.

7. *M Men Department: Herbert B. Maw, Presiding:*

- a. Introduction of the Manual Oscar W. Carlson
c. Introduction of the Reading Course
Nicholas G. Morgan

- b. M Men Activity Program Honer C. Warner
d. Cultural Program for M Men Joseph F. Smith

8. *Gleaners Department: Margaret N. Wells, Presiding:*
a. Opening Song: "Carry On."

- b. Invocation.

- c. Introduction to Program for 1933-34 Margaret N. Wells

- d. Gleaning in the Field of Biography—(Course
of Study for 1933-34) Clarissa A. Beesley

- e. Reading Course Katie C. Jensen

- f. M Men-Gleaner Joint Course of Study—Person-
ality Katie C. Jensen

- g. Gleaner Chorus.

- h. Our Sheaf—Daily Reading of the Scriptures
Margaret N. Wells

- i. Project: First Aid (Optional) Elsie Hogan
Gathering Treasures of Truth Helen S. Williams

9. *Vanguard Department: John D. Giles, Presiding:*
Grand Finals in Vanguard Retold Story:

- a. Log of the Vanguard Trail, No. 3.
b. The Legend of the Arrowhead.

- d. What Holds the 15-16 Year Old Young Man in
Scouting. General Discussion.

- e. 1. Leaving Vanguard in the Troop During the
Half-hour Activity Period.
2. Should We Force Older Scouts into the Van-
guard Troop?

10. *Junior Department: Grace C. Neslen, Acting Chair-
man, Presiding:*

- a. Building a Life Elsie T. Brandley
b. Major Project: "My Story—Lest I Forget"
Grace C. Neslen

- c. Minor Project—"Cultivating Culture"
Katherine Folsom

- d. Reading Course Emma Goddard

- e. Junior Activities Erma Roland

- f. Final Contest in Retold Story.

11. *Scout Department: D. E. Hammond, Presiding:*

- a. Development of Camp Equipment to Promote
Overnight Camping S. D. Young

- b. Troop Traditions Ogden Gateway Council
Paul Beiler

- c. Scout Service, (Tenure) Reregistration
D. E. Hammond

- d. The Scoutmaster's Minute in L. D. S. Troops.
Don C. Wood, General Board

- e. Use of Scouting Literature A. A. Anderson
Scout Executive, Timpanogos Council

12. *Bee-Hive Department: Sarah R. Cannon, Presiding:*

- a. Song: "How's For Getting Friendly."
b. Song: "Song of Joy."

- c. Prayer.
d. Activity.

- e. Talk on Bee-Hive Program for 1933-34
Martha G. Smith

- f. The Honey Comb Bertha K. Tingey

- g. Group Work.
h. Discussion.

- i. Song: "Good Night, Good Night."
j. Prayer.

Y. M. M. I. A. Superintendents' Luncheon HONORING THE FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—12:15-1:45

LION HOUSE SOCIAL CENTER

Address: "Our Responsibilities and Opportunities in
Church Service" President Anthony W. Ivins

Y. L. M. I. A. Presidents' Luncheon

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—12:15-1:45

BEE-HIVE HOUSE

General Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—2:00-4:00

ASSEMBLY HALL

General Superintendency and Presidency, Presiding

1. Music.
2. Prayer.
3. Music.
4. Presentation of Awards in M. I. A. Church-wide Contest Events by the General Superintendency and Presidency.
5. "The Magic Bowl," an M. I. A. Presentation.
6. Our Church-wide Recreation Project in the Three-Year-Plan *Prof. E. E. Erickson*
7. Music.
8. "Our M. I. A. Objectives" *Assistant General Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard*

M. I. A. Lawn Party

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—4:15-6:00

LAWNS OF L. D. S. UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS

Direction of the Community Activity Committee

Special Note: A participation charge of 10c will be made for this event. Each participant will be presented with a card which will entitle the holder to refreshments, etc. Special tickets are required for this event.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—7:30-9:00

TABERNACLE

Boy Scout-Bee-Hive Girls' celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of Scouting in the L. D. S. Church.
General Supt. George Albert Smith, Member of the National Executive Board of Boy Scouts of America, Master of Ceremonies.

1. Scout Songs.
2. Prayer *By a Scout*
3. Dramatization *Bringing Scouting to L. D. S. Boys*
4. Presentation of 20th Birthday Cake by Bee-Hive Girls.
5. Scouting Church-wide *A Processional*
6. Tenderfoot Initiation Ceremony *Directed by Oscar A. Kirkham*
Associate Regional Executive, Region Twelve,
Boy Scouts of America
7. "Scouting and the Church" *Pres. Anthony W. Ivins*
8. The Boy Scout 20th Anniversary Song.
9. "An Appreciation" *By a Scout*
10. Address by National Representative of Boy Scouts of America.
11. Recognitions.
12. The Roll Call of Stakes and Greetings from the Field.
13. Benediction *By a Vanguard*

National Radio Broadcast by Salt Lake

Tabernacle Choir and Organ Over

Station KSL

SUNDAY, JUNE 11—8:30-9:30

Testimony Meeting

SUNDAY, JUNE 11—10:00-12:00

ASSEMBLY HALL

General Superintendency and Presidency, Presiding

General Meeting

SUNDAY, JUNE 11—2:00-4:00

TABERNACLE

These services will be conducted under the direction of

the First Presidency of the Church. The Tabernacle Choir and Organ will furnish the music.

7:00-9:00

General Superintendency and Presidency, Presiding

Music for this session will be presented by a chorus of 1000 voices under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall and Evangeline T. Beesley, M. I. A. General Board Music Directors:

1. Music.
2. Prayer.
3. Music.
4. Parade of the Banners *Vanguards and Junior Girls*
5. "Ode to Youth" *By M. I. A. Chorus*
6. "Our Opportunities in the L. D. S. Church for the Development of Culture and Happiness" *Elder Stephen L. Richards*
7. Music.
8. Benediction.

Special Leadership Training Course

MONDAY, JUNE 12 TO 16 INCLUSIVE

This course will include leadership training for administrative officers, activity leaders and group discussion leaders. As the facilities are limited, first opportunity for registration will be given to one representative for each stake Y. L. and Y. M. M. I. A. and it is hoped that both the Y. L. and Y. M. M. I. A. of each stake will be represented. Special instruction will also be given in summer program leadership.

A display of Bee-Hive symbolism and handwork will be held Friday and Saturday on the Fourth Floor of the Bishop's Building.

Seniors

Members of the Senior Class, those of the ages 23 to 35, and especially the class leaders, should begin to prepare now for class work next September. The subject next year will be, "Problems of Today and Tomorrow," and will be a continuation of that of last year's, "Challenging Problems of the Twentieth Century."

All of the topics which will be discussed in the 1933-34 manual are live, up-to-the-minute, hotly discussed subjects. As a result, the papers, the magazines, the new books, will be full of pertinent material. Even radio speakers will discuss these topics pro and con.

Our suggestion is that class members as well as teachers begin building scrap books of material right now to be used as text books. The following magazines will be especially full of material: "The Improvement Era," "Atlantic," "Harpers," "Forum," "Scribner's," "Literary Digest," "Time," and to a lesser degree such magazines as "Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," "Liberty," "The American Magazine," "Country Gentleman," "Parents Magazine," and others.

The daily papers will be full of current material discussing these problems, but the material, unless you clip it and save it, may not come out at exactly the right time for your class discussion.

If you do not like scrap books, get a few large envelopes and label them with the titles of various subjects and file your material in them.

Here are some of the topics you will have to discuss: job insurance; old age, accident, sickness, health insurance and annuities; taxation in its various phases; tithing; tariffs; farm problems including control of production; forests and public domain; public utilities, including light and power, telephone, gas, railroad companies; and their management; banking; money; the family; the church; the schools, including control and financing; and other similar topics.

To be a member of the Senior Class next year is to be one who will be intelligently discussing these pressing problems crying for solution.

Begin that collection NOW!

Second Annual Church M Men Convention

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—9:30

Every ward and stake M Men group in the Church should have a representative present. The convention is planned and conducted by the Church M Men officers elected last year. Topics of vital interest to young men will be treated, business of outstanding importance will be conducted, and programs of intense interest produced.

Do you think that the "letter men rule" for basketball players should be changed? If so instruct your delegate how to vote on the matter.

Do you want a voice in planning the M Men program and activities? If so, have a representative present.

Watch the Salt Lake daily newspapers for additional details of the Second Church M Men convention.

Summer Plans for Vikings

FRIDAY, JUNE 9—1 P. M.

L. D. S. CAMPUS

GRAND FINALS IN ARCHERY

Formal exercises opening the tournament will begin promptly at 1 p. m. Target shooting will begin immediately following. Winners in target competition in all Scout councils, both team and high-point and in clout and flight, seven archers in all, from each council are invited and are eligible to enter the meet. Similar entries for Vanguard leaders are provided, the four-man team of leaders to be made up of leaders from any one stake. Official Vanguard sweaters are to be awarded to winners in all events for both Vikings and leaders.

The opening ceremonies are to be impressive and colorful. Atmosphere suggestive of the Olympic games, the days of Robin Hood and the spirit of the West in the days of the Indians will prevail. A procession, after the order of the parade of the athletes in the Olympics, will open the program. Increased interest indicates that the archery finals will be an outstanding feature of the June conference and will attract a large gallery of spectators.

The horse-hair bridle offered as a prize by the *Improvement Era* will be awarded to the winning vanguard immediately following the finals.

VANGUARD TRAIL COUNCIL CAMPFIRES

On page 39 of Log of the Vanguard Trail No. 2, (1932) there is outlined a Vanguard activity of unusual interest that has not yet been used nearly as much as its merit deserves. Districts which have not yet conducted Vanguard Trail Council Fires have missed one of the big thrills of the Vanguard program. In districts where it has been used it is one of the big events on the program. It

is planned to be used each quarter, outdoors if possible and indoors when desired. In either case it offers great possibilities and is strongly recommended for regular use.

In connection with the council fires (council in this case not referring to Scout council but rather to the Indian council idea) several districts have developed elaborate ceremonies, some combining the court of honor and initiation features. Teton district in Teton Peaks Council, practically all the districts of the Cache Valley Council, Grant, Ensign, Cottonwood and other districts of the Salt Lake Council have all developed unique programs built around the Vanguard Trail Council Fire idea. The ceremonies used in Teton and Cache Valley Councils have been mimeographed by the Y. M. M. I. A. and copies are still available upon request without charge. The summer season is the ideal time to inaugurate the idea. It can be made an outstanding feature of the summer program.

Scouts' Twentieth Anniversary

SATURDAY, JUNE 10

Twenty years of Scouting in the Church will be celebrated as a feature of the June Conference. May 21 is the anniversary date and it is to be commemorated at a great meeting of Scouts, Scouters, Beehive Girls, M. I. A. Officers and Church leaders in the Tabernacle Saturday, June 10.

The program calls for participation in the anniversary celebration of L. D. S. Scouts all over the world. Programs have been sent to all wards, stakes and missions inviting all Scout troops to conduct anniversary signal fires with special exercises to celebrate the adoption of the Boy Scout Program by the Church. As far as can be learned this was the first Church to make Scouting a part of its official program for boys.

The Tabernacle program will be a notable one. Plans call for a massing of the national colors, a recognition of the twenty-two nations in which L. D. S. Scouts are now organized, a great birthday cake which the Bee Hive girls will present to the Scouts, a dramatization of the coming of Scouting to the Church, a salute to veteran Scouts and Eagles and honors for the men who brought Scouting into the Church.

An initiation ceremony in which several hundred Tenderfoot Scouts will be enrolled is also scheduled.

An outstanding feature will be a great roll call of all the Stakes of the Church showing the possible Scout and Vanguard troops and those actually registered, the number of boys available to Scouting, including Vikings, and the number actually registered. A uniformed Scout will represent every stake in the Church in the roll call. Where stakes are too far away to send a Scout, one will be provided from a nearby troop.

The complete program has been sent to M. I. A. officers in all parts of the Church.



When the Temple Grounds Flower

Money Talks

Continued from
page 470

Beelzebub refused to start on an upgrade. Arthur said it was the carburetor. They were hot and dirty, thirsty and cross. Another

hour passed before Beelzebub could be coaxed out of his coughing spell.

By now the sun had swung low, immense and blood red. Twilight came on. Beelzebub strained every nerve and at last chortled on a short stretch of level road. They had reached the summit.

Laura turned to look down the valley. Folded like a half-shut fan, the lower hills lay behind them, with the twisting road up which they had come visible here and there. Now that the sun was gone, flames stood out in the north, leaping up against the smoky background of the mountains.

The travelers were high enough and far enough away to be relieved of the smoke, but in all they had made scarcely more than twenty miles.

"I don't see how Matt can be so sure the fire won't come their way," mused Laura, a trifle anxiously.

"Because nothing can touch what is his—not even the elements."

To the side of the road was a barren rocky stretch, and Laura suggested camping there. "It's too far to the first auto camp. And if Beelzebub should be taken with the cramps you couldn't see to doctor him in the dark."

"It would save the price of a camp, but that ground won't be soft sleeping," Arthur demurred. "However, this spot looks to be unclaimed and unwanted—for the night. But what are we going to eat."

"Mother gave me some sandwiches."

He maneuvered Beelzebub off the road, selected what he called the softest spot and cut some pine boughs. They spread all their blankets on them, and, sitting on this couch, ate their supper. They were below the crest, but the whole northern sky was lit with a sullen red glare. Now and then a flame shot up high enough to be seen from where they sat.

"See those lashing tongues," said Laura. "One can almost hear the poor trees crackling. How far is it, do you suppose, as a crow flies?"

"Probably not more than ten miles." He settled himself on the boughs.

"Whichever way I turn something punches me in the ribs," said Laura, beside him.

"Still, I don't know but what I'd rather sleep here tonight than in Matt's bed."

Laura laughed. "Wrapped like a cocoon in wool blankets * * How big the world is," she added dreamily. "And did you ever see such a sky?"

The strangeness of it kept them awake for a time, but they were tired and young and they fell asleep finally, soundly asleep.

SHORTLY before

dawn Laura woke, feeling frightened and lonesome, as a child might. She reached out for the comforting touch of her husband's muscular arm, and found him gone. She sat up suddenly, blinking. Arthur was not anywhere in sight, but one could not see far in the strange shadows—unnatural shadows cast by an angry red light. A couple of animals scampered by. They must have been deer, whose instincts made them restless. She looked toward the summit and there a man's figure was limned against the glare. It was Arthur, of course. And he was anxious—uneasy about two old people with whom he was not on good terms. Laura slipped on her shoes, the only things she had taken off, and hurried to him.

Arthur pointed. "Isn't that Matt's place there by the bend in the hills, that bend where the fire lights everything up?"

"Yes," answered Laura breathlessly. "The fire's on them! It's eating its way around them in a crescent. Soon it will be a circle."

A spasm of dread went through her.

She looked into her husband's face. He folded his arms and strode away. He had said he was through with Matthew Wilbur. To go to his aid would be hard and perhaps dangerous. Laura waited, quivering, and presently Arthur came up to her.

"We'll have to go back," he said. "It would be just like the old fool to stick until he burns up with his trees. And your mother with him."

A glow spread through Laura.

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She took his arm, pressing it close. "Let's go," she said.

They tumbled their things into the car. There was only a sandwich apiece left. Those they munched as Beelzebub choked and snorted down the grade. They were amazed at the number of wild creatures that crossed the road, going furtively and hastily on business of their own.

The sun came up big and blackened with smoke. The air was bitter on the tongue, blistering to the nostrils. A wind had sprung up in the night. Now and then a cinder blew against the windshield.

After they reached the valley, Beelzebub settling to business as if he knew the need for it, they met one car after another loaded down with farmers' families and their goods. More than one man was on foot, driving his stock to safety. All were dirty and tired, showing the marks of a struggle. One of the automobiles they hailed, recognizing Matthew's nearest neighbor.

"Matt's gone clean crazy. Says he'll fight the fire single handed. We tried to get them to come with us. We'd have left a bundle or two behind, seeing they haven't a car of their own. But they wouldn't come. Lost his hired man too—fired him yesterday after you left. Hank asked for more wages, and Matt told him to go. Hank did, too—glad to clear out, I guess. There was talk of fire fighting, and he hadn't bargained for that when he hired out."

Laura's breast tightened with dread as they hurried on. "Poor mother! She'd stay with Matt to the bitter end. Just the natural man-trusting type—which they don't make any more. And Matt—so sure to getting his own way, so sure that what he has is his own."

"I'd rather have some of his water than his wood right now," was Arthur's comment. "My throat's as dry as shoe-leather."

But they did not stop for a drink at any of the houses—now deserted—that they passed. Their anxiety was keener than their thirst. At the edge of the upper forty they came upon Matt in the early morning, trying to back-fire and thus cheat the flames which were already too close for such a method to be effective. The heat

was terrific. They could hardly breathe for the choking smoke. Sparks and burning brands fell about them. The fire was licking off the boughs of the pines in front of Matthew, stripping off the first resinous morsels before it settled to the steady devouring of their vitals.

MATTHEW'S face was red and raw and smudged with black. His clothes were burned into a hundred holes. And still he hobbled about, cursing the fire, the neighbors, who had been too weak livered to stay and fight, the hired man, who had left when he needed him most.

Across the woods came Sarah, red-eyed and pinched, carrying food and a can of coffee. She set her things down and seized a wet gunny sack, beating out the crawling fire which a spark had set in her path.

Neither of them heard or saw Beelzebub stop in the road, a certain indication of their exhaustion, for, country-like, they usually knew if anyone passed within a mile.

"Mother, dear!" Laura's cry was a protest, a sob, a gladness of return, all in one.

The two old people looked up. They merely stood and stared at them as if dazed, the frenzy which had upheld their efforts suddenly gone.

Laura ran toward her mother, holding out her arms. Arthur came up and put his hand on Matthew's shoulder.

"Come on, you two," he said kindly. "It's time to get out of here."

"I ain't going," Matthew retorted weakly.

Arthur humored him. "You aren't doing any good here at least. Let's fall back toward the house."

He let Arthur guide his sagging steps to the car. The young people made room among their traps and almost lifted the other two in. Arthur turned off the county road and headed down the wood-road to the house, the fire crackling and roaring behind them.

"Anything at the house you must have?" asked Arthur. "We'll stop just a minute."

"Stop at the house? I should say we will," croaked Matthew. "I ain't leaving the place, you under-

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stand." He turned to shake his first at the fire, and instead let out a yell of rage and despair. "The barn! The barn's on fire! Dobbin's in there!"

Forgetful of his fear of a moving automobile, Matthew was out before Arthur could stop. He stumbled ahead of Arthur to the barn door, and jerked it open. Smoke and flame poured out, forcing them back. When the atmosphere had cleared somewhat they saw a mass of charred flesh which had been the beautiful Dobbin sink to the floor like a lump of melting metal.

Matthew stood wringing his hands and making strange ugly sounds of grief and shock. The heat and smoke were too much for any living creature.

"Come away," gasped Arthur, as soon as he could recover from his horror.

Matthew did not heed him. He gazed into the cruel furnace, gibbering. Arthur dragged him back to the car almost by force.

"Dobbin broke through the fence yesterday evening," Sarah was explaining to Laura. "Hank was gone and Matt didn't have time to mend the fence. He shut Dobbin in the barn to keep him out of the corn."

The house was only a little further on. Matt slumped against the seat-back, a heart-broken lump. He did not get out when they stopped in the dooryard. He sat muttering, "Poor old Dobbin," while the others hurried in.

But when he saw Sarah coming out with an armful of clothing he roused and dragged himself painfully out of his seat. Sarah placed herself in front of him.

"Get back into the car, Matt."

He thrust her aside. "Leave me alone. I know what I'm doing."

"But you can't stay here! You'll have to come with us."

MATTHEW cast a glance at the flames which were walling the place in on all sides. Only the road now lay a strip of untouched earth, a narrow lane through the flames, merely because its barren surface offered no invitation.

"Got nothing to stay for now, I guess," Matthew muttered. He evaded them with a new agility and disappeared into the house.

"He's clean out of his head,"

said Sarah, appealing to Arthur.

Running through the door after Matthew, Arthur met him coming out, a black tin box held close against his body.

"Good gracious!" commented Sarah. "I thought you took that into town—to the bank."

"I don't trust nobody with this," Matthew cackled. "I keep it with me." He settled himself in the car, the box clutched on his knees.

They rumbled out through the gate. No need to stop and shut it this time.

It was only then that Sarah broke down, as if that sacrilegious abandoning of the gate was the symbol of destruction. "My poor home!" she wailed, tears running down an almost expressionless face. That was the way Sarah always wept, as if long repression had robbed her facial muscles of all normal impulses.

The fire roared on all sides, closing in fast in the now raging wind. Escape looked almost hopeless. Brands fell about them, and arms of flame shot across the road.

"If only the old contraption holds," quavered Matthew, sitting forward gingerly as if to lessen the strain on Beelzebub. The old man was shaking, now that the responsibility was removed from his own shoulders.

"Beelzebub will do his best," said Laura.

Before they knew it the top of the car was on fire, and Arthur had to stop. Out came his knife and a half dozen swift gashes ripped it from the frame. He dashed back to the wheel, and gave Beelzebub all the gas he would take.

Just beyond a bend the road crossed a wooden bridge. Laura cried out, and Arthur's jaw clenched. The bridge was on fire! A wall of blistering flame was rearing itself on either side of the road, and now the bridge, over which they must pass, was burning. No flesh other than human could have survived the heat; it took the soul and spirit of man to combat it. The crescent of an hour or two ago had become a circle!

Arthur ran up to the edge of the bridge. Laura looked on, every nerve alert, while he leaped from the car. The two in the back seat sat petrified.

"Come on, Laura," cried Ar-

thur, whipping off his coat. "You and I will have to put that fire out. The old folks are done. Get a coat or something out of the car and come along."

Laura snatched up two or three heavy garments and ran after him. He was already over the edge of the creek. Below there was water, the only access to it being through a mass of smoking grass and underbrush.

Headless of danger, the two scrambled down the bank. Where there was nothing but danger, a small thing like burning the shoes from one's feet did not matter. They did not feel the shriveling heat now, were scarcely aware that they breathed only in gasps. They dipped the garments they carried in the water and climbed back with them dripping. With these they beat out the flames which were licking at the timbers. Laura's skirt caught fire. They did not know it until a scream from Sarah warned them. When Arthur had smothered the blaze in the damp coat he held he sent her back to the creek to wet the garments again, as being the safer of the two tasks. As Laura toiled up the bank again her chest was tight and her feet so heavy she could barely lift them, but she forced herself doggedly on.

FINALLY the worst of the flames were extinguished for the moment. The charred wood still smoked, and it was only a question of minutes before the surrounding fire would again leap at them.

Arthur ran back to the car. "It's no use! Them timbers will never hold!" groaned Matthew. "Besides, look at that patch where the planks are gone!" But Sarah encouraged him. "Twon't do no good to stay here. We got to try."

"Out with you quick and walk across," commanded Arthur. Laura was already on the other side.

"We can't ever make it!" wailed Matthew, but he let Sarah drag him to the bridge. He held his tin box tightly between his arm and his body, and half way across he turned to warn Arthur: "You'll have to steer straighter than a string to keep your wheels on them bare timbers."

Beelzebub gave a great whir, groaned and started as soon as they

were over. Tenderly Beelzebub crept on to the bridge, and ground determinedly in low gear over the sagging floor, felt for the exposed timbers, crept along them as straight as a tight-rope walker, and rumbled hopefully up to the opposite bank.

The three on the ground scrambled in.

"Cover your heads," Arthur directed, "so you won't breathe the smoke. 'We've got to make a dash for it.'"

He turned Beelzebub loose, but his own head he could not cover. "If the gasoline doesn't blow the tank off," he confided to Laura. "Luckily I haven't got much in there."

Laura huddled close to him, head and mouth protected, but her eyes on the road, her hands ready to snatch the wheel if he should fail. His eyes were merely red holes in a blackened blistered face. His eyebrows were burned away, his hair scorched and massed with cinders. His hands were painfully burnt, but he held Beelzebub to the road.

Through a stretch of scorching flame the old car dashed, struggling for the speed which must have been his in better days, and achieved to safety. He had carried them out of the greedy circle of the flames. Only then did he insist on the prerogatives of age and blow out a tire, swerving them from the road.

"It's all right now," panted Arthur. "Can blow out the other three if he likes. Gosh, my feet are burning up!"

They saw then that his soles were smoking.

"Get your shoes off," spoke up Matthew, abandoning his strong box and coming to help.

The young people became conscious of their burns and pains, but of all their miseries thirst was the greatest. Arthur kicked off his shoes, and Matthew wrapped his feet quickly in layers of cloth cut from his own coat.

"No time to lose," said the old man. "That fire's coming right ahead."

WHILE the tire was being mended Sarah found a spot at the side of the road from which she could look up the valley. She was returning with water, buckets

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of it, which she had foraged from a neighboring house. She watched while the roof of her house crinkled under vandal flame and fell in. So long had that house been her world that all else went with it, including the leash on her tongue.

And while she handed around water in a rusty dipper she let that tongue have its say:

"There's one thing doesn't understand the language of money, and that's fire. It's even your neighbors and your hired man and the whole world—when you're in danger. It's only love that talks then. It was love made the neighbors offer to take us. It was love brought Arthur and Laura back."

Matthew looked up mournfully from the wheel he was holding for Arthur. For once he did not reproach her. For once he had no retort ready.

"Everything's gone," Sarah continued in a monotone. "Even the wood you wouldn't let Arthur cut. We'd be gone too by now if he hadn't risked his life to come for us."

Still Matthew said nothing. But when they were all in the car again, and Beelzebub had consented to stutter on down the road, he spoke:

"Well, we've got this here strong-box left anyhow. There's enough here to get us all a start—Laura and Arthur too."

"That's the kind of language money ought to talk," said Sarah.

Laura, turning in her seat, discovered on her mother's face a look of greater happiness than she had seen there for years. Awkwardly Sarah reached out and took Matthew's blistered hand in her's.

¶Tobitsi

Continued from
 page 457

soft," Luke Frame said. "We kin git up thar an' s'prise them Injuns plumb easy. The grub they'll have will see us through the winter, an' them furs Big Mouth told about orta be wuth our trouble."

For two days Tobitsi lay in a drunken stupor. Then, though his body was so sore that the weight of his own finger caused him to wince, his strength began to come back. His white friends no longer gave him firewater, though he begged for it.

"Listen, Big Mouth," Luke Frame said, "we're your friends. You sabe it was me who saved your life. Your people treated you heap bad. We're goin' to that Injun villiage an' fix-um plenty, you sabe? If yer've told the truth yer'll git all the firewater you kin drink."

Tobitsi nodded. Frame went on talking. Soon the Shoshoni understood. The firewater had loosened his tongue, and now his people were to be ruthlessly slaughtered. He thought of Koheets; the brother who had never failed to divide the fruits of the hunt with him. He thought of the others. Few of them but had shared their meager supplies with him at some time or another. He reviewed the base thoughts which had caused him to leave Toquat to die, and its aftermath. And then he recalled the thrill and the exul-

tation of those moments when he had reconciled himself to the death which had failed to come. He knew then how foolish it had been to be a coward.

"Soon as you git so you kin travel we'll start," Frame said. "You got a powerful bad cold now, an' you'll prob'ly git pneumonia an' die on us if we started now, but I figger we kin make better time by waitin' fer you."

Tobitsi looked at the circle of evil, bearded faces. He knew that did he refuse to do their bidding they would kill him with as little thought as they would give to killing a rabbit. He knew, too, that in his drunken delirium he had told them enough that they could find the rendezvous of his people. But it was not he, Tobitsi, that had spoken, but the firewater that was in him.

He nodded. "Tomorrow Big Mouth show his friends the way, Big Mouth laugh when Injun die."

"Trust an Injun ter want revenge," Luke Frame laughed.

But that night when the fires in the white desperados' cabins grew small, and the snores of the white men grew loud Tobitsi stirred. Quietly he drew on the inadequate cast-off garments they had given him. There was no chance to procure a weapon for each of these desperate men slept upon his own; trusting no man among his fellows.

TOBITSI stepped out. There was no wind. Cold, clean looking stars sparkled overhead. Many snowshoes hung outside the cabin, and he selected a pair. These would bear him up on the crusted snow. His lungs were sore from the cold he had caught. His bony frame was still weakened from famine, and the touch of the coarse garments upon his frost-blistered skin sheer torment, but weakness was all that he feared. He scarcely dared to breathe until he was well away from the cabins, and knew that the crunching of his feet upon the crust would not reach the ears of the white men.

He had, he knew, perhaps five or six hours before he would be missed, but then the white men would be on his trail, and none of them were weak. He dared not stop to rest. He would drive himself onward until he again reached the village of his people. He would warn them of their danger, and they would prepare to meet the white men and drive them back. And then he would bare his breast to Koboets' knife. This time Koboets must strike, for the council had spoken. But Tobitsi was unafraid.

The sun came up like a huge bowl of fire, and rode slowly across the sky, flanked by a gorgeous sundog on either side. There was no sound save the rhythmic crunch, crunch of the webs as the Indian drove them steadily forward. Cold as it was the beads of perspiration ran steadily down Tobitsi's face. A hacking cough tore at his lungs, and drew blood to his lips. He was weak. At each step the calves of his legs felt as though they had been whacked with a club. He remembered Toquat.

Once he paused to rest and look back. Through that thin mountain air the eye could pierce for many miles. Far back, yet near enough to be dangerous, were a dozen or so specks against the snow, which he knew to be Luke Frame and his men.

He pushed on, hour after relentless hour. And each time that he looked back where the back trail lay open to his view he saw the moving specks that were white men. Each time the specks grew larger.

They were spreading out like wolves upon the trail of a fleeing rabbit. They had sighted him.

The sun dropped behind the

jagged peaks of the Sawtooth mountains, and darkness came on. The cold grew intense, and the frost gnawed into Tobitsi's tender skin like fire into the bark of a

log. His flanks were gaunt, for he had no food. He dared not stop. He had a few matches which he had brought from the cabin, but if he built a fire his foes would



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be drawn to it. If he stopped without a fire he would freeze. And, anyway, he must press on.

Far back he caught sight of a fire which his pursuers had built. They would rest until morning, perhaps, or it might be that only a few of them had stopped, and the rest were coming on with the hope that sight of the fire might lure him to rest. He plodded on.

He began to fall. Somehow his snowshoes began to tangle and trip him. He wanted to lie there and rest, but always he staggered to his feet and pressed on—to the sentence of death which had been imposed upon him.

MORNING came at last. It had taken him three days to travel from the village of his people to the camp of the white men. He had wandered aimlessly much of the time, and floundering through the broken crust had slowed his feet. Returning he had traveled a comparatively straight course. The rendezvous of his band was only a few miles ahead. Yet, when he looked back, he was dismayed at the short distance he had covered since the departure of the sun. He could clearly see the white men clinging grimly to his trail. They were fresh, and he was weary.

Like he was lifting trees he moved his legs and set the snowshoes down. Sometimes he gained a foot; sometimes only a few inches, yet always he left some distance behind. With every breath that he drew his lungs burned as though he had inhaled fire, but he wouldn't stop. There was death ahead, and death behind, but none should say that Tobitsi had waited for death to come to him.

He had lost track of time when he came finally in sight of the village, but he knew that the day was

far spent, and the white men so close that another hour would have brought him within reach of their guns.

There was a terrific din and clamor as the pack of half wild dogs sighted him and charged forth with terrifying snarls. But, exactly as they had done when Toquat arrived, they slid to a halt, and recognizing who it was, dropped their tails and slunk away in keen disappointment. Five minutes later Tobitsi found himself staring into the grim, implacable face of Koheets, his brother.

"So you have come back," Koheets said. "Have you forgotten the penalty?"

"Tobitsi is ready to pay. He would not stop his brother from his duty. You will find my heart ready for your knife."

"Why did you come?" Koheets' grim face was twisted with pain.

"To save my people from the white men who would destroy them," Tobitsi said quietly. "Even now they are so close that their rifles can speak loud enough for my brother's ears to hear. Defend the village. Tobitsi will wait."

Tobitsi kicked the webs from his feet and strode into his brother's lodge. He sat down and hugged his gaunt body with his lean arms. Occasionally dark eyes looked in upon him, but he did not stir.

It was hours later when the flap of the tepee was thrown open and Koheets entered.

"Come, my brother," Koheets said tenderly. "The white men have gone. When they found us ready they feared to attack. You have saved your people. The sentence has been revoked. Again Tobitsi is a Shoshoni!"

There was no answer. Fearfully Koheets touched his brother's face.

Tobitsi was dead.

Your Week-Day Bible

Continued from
page 479

Belshazzar's feast.
Daniel and the lions.
Story of Jonah.
Story of Job.
The Good Samaritan.
The Prodigal Son.
The Pearl of Great Price.

Man is greatly influenced by his literary contacts. Formerly in certain circles inclined toward dogmatism, reference to the Bible called

up pictures of a sputtering fuse eating its way towards T. N. T. But the T. N. T. of the Bible today has come to mean Testament 'N Testament, recording man's progress, morally and spiritually, from the Old to the New. It is not explosive as in times past but nevertheless is charged with powerful grains of altruism. On its

pages are inscribed common denominators of human behavior. Service clubs, interested in threads which draw men more closely together in thought and action, cannot afford to overlook a source so rich in the literature of human experience as the Bible. Acquaintance with it will not only make them more familiar with the best that is written and spoken among them, but it will make them increasingly appreciative of the sacred literature of other peoples. Interwoven in the fibre that forms the warp and woof of every great religious ensign are the threads, for example, which spell the Golden Rule. Can you pick out the Christian version from the following, taken from seven great world religions?

"The true rule of life is to guard and do by the things of others as you do by your own."

"One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself."

"Do as you would be done by."

"What you do not wish done to yourself do not unto others."

"What you do not want your neighbor to do to you do not unto him."

"All things, whatsoever, ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

"Let none of you treat another in a way you yourself would dislike to be treated."

THE adoption of Esperanto as a universal language is being urged from various quarters. Such a language will find its greatest mission in the expression of the "universals" of human thought and aspiration. As it seeks these out from the literature of all peoples, and formulates them into a common tongue, it will contribute materially toward the mutual understanding of mankind. Many such principles, common to all races and creeds, are imbedded in the literary strata of the Christian Bible.

It is significant that the Bible has already been published in 618 different languages through the efforts of Bible Societies. Their work goes on stimulated by an ideal that the volume shall be available to every man, woman, and child in the world, printed in the mother tongue of each. This exposure by the West, to the East, of its most sacred literary heritage, is being reciprocated by an increasing acquaintance, among us, with the sacred writings of the Orient.

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Your Page and Ours

YES, WE CALL HER FRIEND AFTER SUCH A FINE LETTER

I WANT to express my appreciation for *The Improvement Era*. I am glad to have such a magazine in my home for my children to read (which they do).

Your friend,
Mrs. M. W."

THAT FEBRUARY ERA CERTAINLY STRUCK A HOME RUN IN THIS OGDEN HOME

"THE 'Era' is on my library table. And I want to tell you how I enjoyed that delightful poem by Mrs. Parker, 'Amethysts.' The signature attached to 'An Evolving Universe' in the February issue made my husband sit up and take notice. Although I have not as yet had time to read Mr. Rust's article 'Rio Virgen,' I shall do so with keen interest, for Zion's Canyon happened to be the last place I took a beloved son, who is with us no longer. This same son made several 'nature tramps' under Mr. Bergstrom, who contributed 'Fangs and Coils,' and I will be happy to read that also.

Sincerely yours,
I. W. S."

"ONE OF OURS" GOES EAST AGAIN—IN VERSE

IT might interest you to know that I sold two more poems to *Good Housekeeping* recently. The one will appear either in the May or June issue. They have been very kind."

'Salt Lake City, Utah.

C. L."

THAT FEBRUARY COVER, AFTER ALL, MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD

THE cover of the *Era*—February number—is one of the most beautiful of its kind I have even seen; everyone has exclaimed over it.

"Twin Falls.
D. W. E."

THIS SUBSCRIBER EVIDENTLY READ THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ALLOW me to congratulate you upon a constantly improving, and already splendid *Improvement Era*. It is a magazine that our whole family watches for and reads with interest. We all appreciate the recent line of articles on subjects of current attraction written by such authorities as Geddes, Jensen and Peterson.

"Personally, I usually turn to the frontispiece first, and then to the poetry page.

Sincerely,
L. D."

MANY PEOPLE SEEM INTERESTED IN THE "MEDICINE" PROBLEM

DEAR Sir: In a recent issue of the *Era* I saw an article regarding Cardston's Medical Contract. It apparently was a copy of an article, or the major portions of it, which appeared in the *Lehighbridge Herald*. There also was an intimation in the article that the Medical Contract plan might run into difficulties unforeseen which would jeopardize the whole scheme. While admitting this possibility, we feel that much has been accomplished already, and are quite willing to assist others to work out some such scheme applicable to their own community.

"Today I received a letter from New Brunswick, New Jersey, asking for information about our plan, stating that

they had seen an article in the New York papers about it, and they wanted further information. I have made a copy of the letter which I sent in reply to this letter from New Jersey, and thought perhaps it might be of interest to you, for any further items you might care to write in the *Era*. As this was originally a joint project between the Adult Class of the Second Ward M. I. A., of which I was Class Leader, and the Cardston Debating Society, in which I took part in a debate on "State Medicine," it seems to me that the Mutual Association can claim major credit for the idea being put over, and if it has helped anybody the help has come through the efforts of the M. I. A. originally.

"This information is for your own files, and you may do with it as you see fit.

Yours truly,
D. O. Wight.
Editor, *Cardston News*."

"P. S.—I might say that I have answered numerous inquiries about our 'Contract' fired all over Canada, and in many parts of the States.

D. O. Wight."

AH, IT WILL SOON BE MELON TIME

SAID the farmer to the nigger in the melon patch: "Say young man, you cantelope with that melon without paying for it."—Aubrey J. Parker.

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES—"

MUVVER," said three-year-old Kathleen, who sat on the floor playing with her dolls, "you have dropped your hanky, but I've got such a tired look on my face I simply can't get up and hand it to you."—Estella Webb Thomas.

JULES LUTGE, OF REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA, SAYS

YOU can't hitch-hike your way to success in the business world." Brother Writers, you cannot in the literary world either.

HERE IS A LETTER FROM BURELY, IDAHO

YOU have asked for comments so here are a few of mine: Your cover pictures are unusual and different each time—and all are beautiful; the lilac poem makes me homesick, it is so lovely; the poem of the robin in the tree has the lilt of one of my favorite Stevenson poems, and 'Home Lights' is very good. I lived the figures drawn by the artist for 'A Tall Dark Man;' the figures for the story 'orever or Never,' were not so good as some of the artist's work. Anyway, we certainly enjoy the *Era*.

F. R. McB."

A TEN YEAR OLD ASKS A QUESTION

"Fairview, Idaho, May 12, 1933.

"Dear Brother Merrill: I HAVE often wondered why you put writing on the pretty covers of the *Era*. Mama said I might write and ask you. Why.

Yours truly,
Vora Griffith."

WE have a double spread of poetry this month. We thought our readers might partake with us of some of the fine sentiments which come to us in poetic form. We do not wish to over-emphasize poetry, but we are eager to encourage its production.

WHEN I found the May *Era* in the mail box, with its apple-blossom cover, I looked at it until I felt that Spring had really come, in spite of the storm outside. Afterward I found that my work was easy and my heart was glad—that is what the cover did for me.

Marie Thomas."

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In order to stimulate high class work in the Speech Contest for 1932-33, The Improvement Era is offering to the two winners in the Church finals at the June, 1933 contest a Scholarship to Brigham Young University worth seventy dollars, entitling the holder to a full-year's tuition. See the M. I. A. Handbook Supplement for the rules of the contest.

For Poets

In addition to the regular purchase price for poetry, *The Improvement Era*, at the close of the present volume, will pay a prize of \$10.00 to the person whose poem is adjudged the best of the volume, and \$5.00 to the person whose poem receives second place. There are no rules except that, of course, no poetry is to be submitted for publication other than original poems which have never before been in print. At the close of the volume judges will select the winning poems from all which have appeared. This offer is made in the hope that additional interest in the creation of poetry may be stimulated.



For Vanguards

To the Registered Vanguard making the best all-around record in archery at the June Conference, 1933, the *Improvement Era* will present the fine horse-hair bridle pictured on this page. In the judging points will be scored as follows: Best archery

Photographic Contest — Indoor

For the best indoor photographs submitted to the *Improvement Era* by amateurs (A person is not an amateur if he or she is in the picture business for gain), on or before May 15, *The Era* will give as prizes \$5.00 for first place; \$3.00 for second place; and \$2.00 for third place, and will pay \$1.00 each for any other of the photographs used in the magazine. (Contestants will note that this is an extension of the closing date announced in the March *Improvement Era*. See that issue for suggestions, page 281, and for rules of the contest, page 287.)

equipment (must be made by contestant) 30 points; best performance in target shoot, 30 points; best performance in clout shoot, 20 points; best performance in flight shoot, 20 points. The bridle will be awarded immediately following the contest finals.

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